



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



AND  
WANDERINGS

A CRUISE IN THE "LANCASHIRE WITCH"

BY

F. FRANCIS







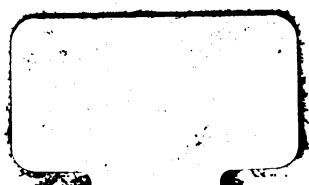




**600022055K**

**WAR, WAVES, AND WANDERINGS.**





1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

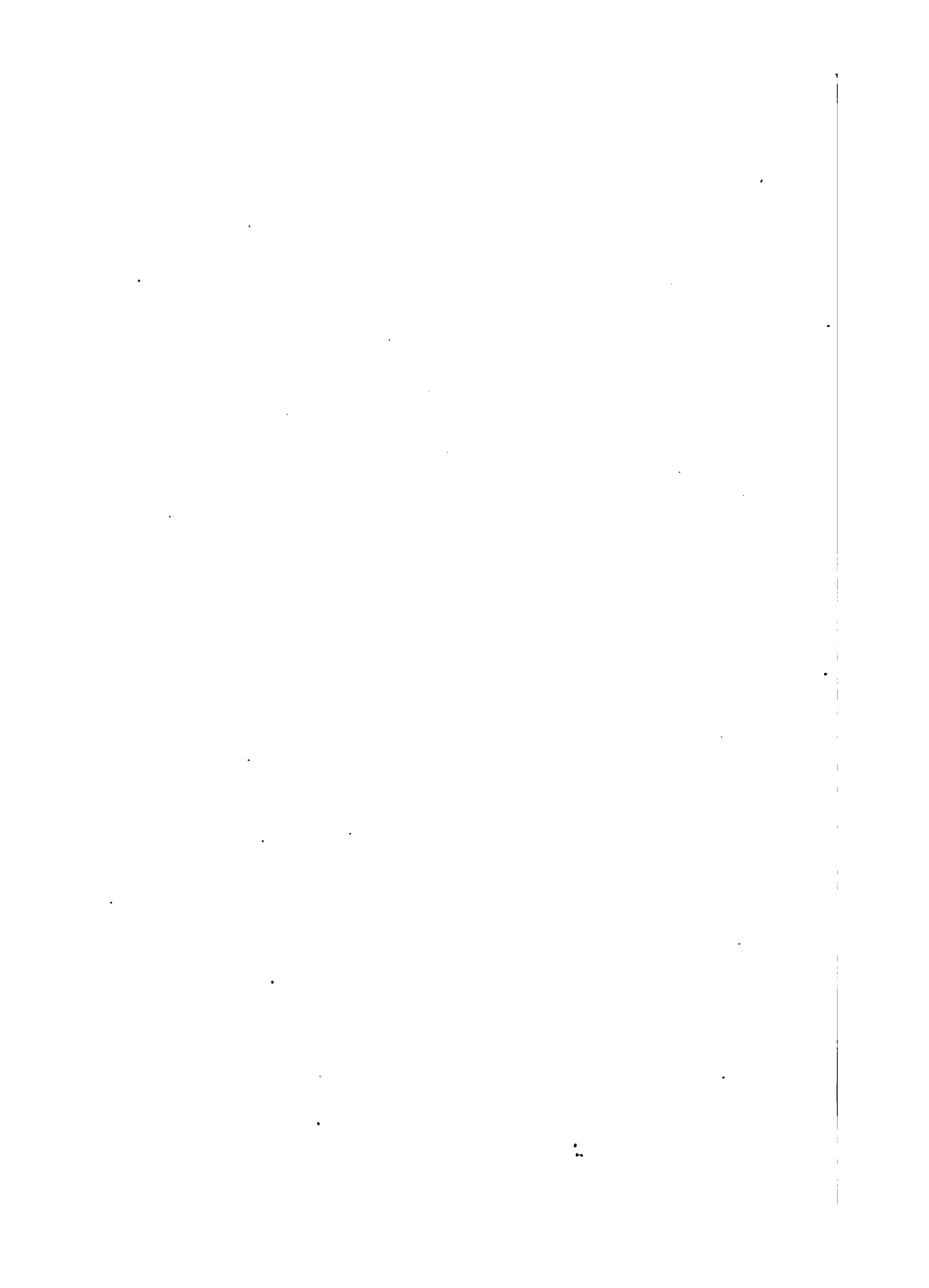
13

14

15

16

17



# WAR, WAVES, AND WANDERINGS.

*A CRUISE IN THE "LANCASHIRE WITCH."*

BY

F. FRANCIS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON,  
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1881.

*(All rights reserved.)*

203. j. 39.

**LONDON :**  
**PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,**  
**STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.**

**Dedicated**

WITH AFFECTIONATE REGARD TO THE MEMORY OF

MY FRIEND,

“SHIPKA” CAMPBELL,

A MAN WHO LOVED DANGER AND KNEW NOT FEAR.

HE LED THE BATTALION THAT

STORMED AND CARRIED MOUNT ST. NICHOLAS IN THE SHIPKA PASS,

FROM WHICH ASSAULT, AFTER HOLDING THE ROCK

FOR SOME HOURS IN THE VAIN EXPECTATION OF BEING SUPPORTED,

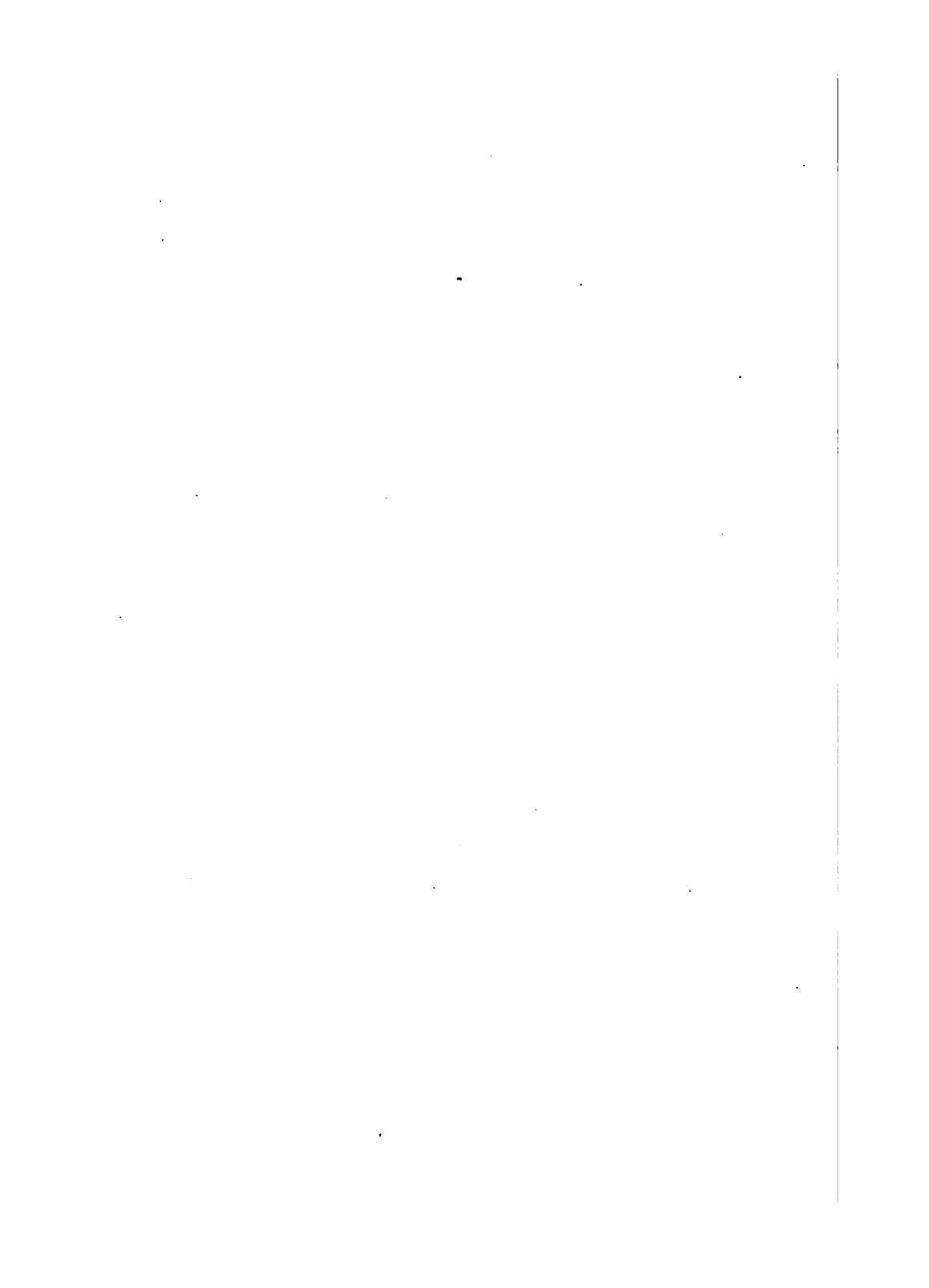
ONLY HE AND SIX MEN RETURNED UNINJURED.

HIS LIFE OF INCESSANT ADVENTURE WAS CLOSED WHILST

GALLANTLY HEADING AN ASSAULT ON

SECOCOENI'S MOUNTAIN.

F. F.



## CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL ...	1
II. PICCADILLY IN SOUTH AFRICA, OR LIFE IN A STANDING CAMP ... ..	27
III. ULUNDI ... ..	52
IV. UNDER WAY ... ..	83
V. MADAGASCAR ... ..	99
VI. JOHANNA ... ..	120
VII. ZANZIBAR ... ..	134
VIII. SPORT ON THE WAMI ... ..	154
IX. SPORT IN FORMOSA BAY ... ..	173
X. SEYCHELLE ISLANDS ... ..	197
XI. THE INDIAN OCEAN ... ..	211
XII. SINGAPORE ... ..	226
XIII. SIAM—BANGKOK ... ..	248
XIV. THE BAZAAR ... ..	259
XV. WAT-HUNTING ... ..	276





## WAR, WAVES, AND WANDERINGS.



### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

"THE Prince Imperial is dead," exclaimed Kevill Davies of the 17th Lancers, bursting into my tent at the Itelezi camp. "He was killed on reconnaissance this afternoon."

"You are joking."

"No! it is a fact. The news has just come into camp."

I repaired immediately to head-quarters. The first faces I beheld there bore evidence as strong as could have been conveyed by words that the tale was true. But for the sake of form I saw Lord Chelmsford, and in a few seconds obtained direct confirmation

of the intelligence. It is difficult to describe in sufficiently gloomy colours the dumb consternation which prevailed when this news was disseminated. Had information of a second Isandlwana been received, it could scarcely have evoked an exhibition of deeper or more genuine feeling. And the loss occurred at a moment when, by universal consent the possibility of misfortune in any shape was banished from consideration. The commencement of a new phase in the campaign had just been effected. Men, for the present, had ceased to dwell upon its earlier history ; all their thoughts and hopes were concentrated on the future.

After two months spent in preparation and inaction, the British troops were at length re-entering Zululand. That very morning the Upper Column had crossed the Blood river. The first day's march was successfully concluded ; the difficulties of forming the first laager were roughly overcome ; hopes ran high ; the men were full of confidence, their officers of enthusiasm ; when impersonate rumour stole swiftly into camp,

and in a second spread throughout its length and breadth the whispered tale, "The Prince is dead."

Accompanied by Captain Carey, and escorted by six troopers of Bettington's Horse and one native guide, the Prince Imperial had preceded the column to choose a site for the next day's camp. Whilst off-saddled in a kraal, they were surprised by Zulus. Captain Carey escaped, with four troopers. The rest of the party were missing. I at once sought Carey, in order to glean from his own lips details of the expedition. They were reluctantly afforded me. He did not appear to recognize the importance of the event, or to have any conception of the sensation it was likely to create in Europe; neither did he seem to realize the fact that his own conduct was liable to question. The following extract consists of notes taken from the report with which he subsequently furnished the Court of Inquiry. It coincides with the account verbally given to me by Captain Carey on the evening of the disaster.

"Having learnt that his Imperial Highness would proceed on June 1 to reconnoitre the country in advance of the column, and choose a site for the camp of the following day, I suggested that as I had already ridden over the same ground I should accompany him. My request was granted; but, at the same time, Colonel Harrison, Acting Quartermaster-General, stated that I was not in any way to interfere with the Prince, as he wished him to have the entire credit of choosing the camp. Shortly before starting, I found that no escort was prepared, and applied to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry. I received the necessary orders, and at 9.15 six men of Captain Bettington's Horse paraded before head-quarters. With these and a friendly Zulu, provided by the Honourable Mr. Drummond, we started. Six Basutos of Captain Shepstone's Corps were also under orders to proceed with us, and before crossing the Blood river I sent on to him to ask for them. The messenger returned to say that they would meet us on the ridge, between the Incenzi and Itelezi Hills. I again sent the man with orders to bring the escort back with him. On our right and left flanks I saw large bodies of Basutos scouting. Arrived upon the ridge we dismounted, wishing to fix the position of some hills with our compasses. Colonel Harrison then rode up and told us that Colonel Marshall's cavalry was coming up. When he had left, I suggested to the Prince to wait for the remainder of the escort. 'Oh no; we are quite strong enough.' At a mile and a half we ascended a commanding and rocky range of hills beyond Ityotyози river. I proposed that we should here off-saddle, but the Prince said that he preferred to

off-saddle near the river. We remained for half an hour sketching and surveying the country with our telescopes. Seeing no one, we descended to a kraal in a valley below and off-saddled. No precautions were taken, as no Zulus were expected to be in the neighbourhood. The Prince was tired, and laid down beside a hut. The men made coffee, and I reconnoitred with my telescope. At 3.35 I suggested saddling up. His Imperial Highness said, 'Wait another ten minutes;' but in five minutes gave me the necessary order. I repeated it, and then went to fetch my horse from the mealie fields. I had saddled and mounted on the home side of the kraal, when I heard his Imperial Highness give the order, 'Prepare to mount.' I looked round and saw his foot in the stirrup. At the same time I said, 'Mount,' and as the men vaulted into the saddles, I saw the black faces of Zulus about twenty yards off, rushing towards us through the mealie fields. They shouted and fired upon us as we rode off. I thought that all were mounted, and, knowing that the men's carbines were unloaded, I judged it better to clear the long grass before making a stand. Knowing from experience the bad shooting of the Zulus, I did not expect that any one was injured. I therefore shouted, as we neared the donga, 'We must form up on the other side. See to the retreat of every one.' On looking back I saw one party following us, while another on our left was attempting to cut off our retreat across the ridge. Meanwhile we were under a heavy fire, and after we had crossed the donga a man said to me, 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir.' I paused, looked back, and, seeing the Prince's horse galloping on the other side of

the donga, asked if it was any use returning. The Zulus had already passed over the ground where he must have fallen, and he pointed out the men creeping round our left. I paused for our men to come up, and then galloped on to find a drift over the Tombokala river."

Reveillé was sounded at five o'clock next morning, and the troops immediately fell in under arms. The expedition in search of the Prince Imperial was under the command of Major-General Marshall. On behalf of Lord Chelmsford, he was accompanied by Captain Molyneux and Surgeon-Major Scott. Major-General Newdigate was represented by Captain Lane, A.D.C. The detachment consisted of two squadrons of the 17th Lancers under Colonel Drury-Lowe, a squadron of the 2nd Dragoon Guards under Major Marter, Captain Shepstone's Basutos, Captain Bettington's Natal Horse, and two companies of Major Bengough's battalion of the Native Contingent. The force paraded after breakfast, and marched out of camp about 8 a.m. Rarely drawing rein unless the nature of the ground rendered it abso-

lutely necessary, the party made rapid way across country. It was a relief to have started, for the distress endured by every one since the sad news was received was doubly oppressive in inaction. Several kraals were passed, but all were deserted, with the exception of one tenanted by an ancient hag of ninety or thereabouts, who sat at the door of a hut and freely abused us. She had been encountered on two or three previous reconnaissances by Buller's irregulars, and was known to fame as "Beresford's old woman." "Well, you white cowards, do you seek those we killed yesterday? We shall kill you too; Ketchwayo will eat you all up. My people are numerous as the grain in the mealie fields; they have sharpened their assegais. Ketchwayo is a savage bull," etc. "Beresford's old woman" was more loquacious than complimentary. Her pendulous lips quivered with rage and fear.

With the Basutos and Natal Horse, who scouted in advance, rode M. Deleage, correspondent of the *Figaro*; the Prince



Imperial's servant, and his groom, who was mounted on his master's charger. On the near side the wallet was partially torn from the saddle, showing apparently where the wretchedly bad leather had given way in the poor Prince's ineffectual endeavours to mount. The horse was a grey, about fifteen hands high, and was evidently a little short of work and inclined to be restive.

As we rounded the shoulder of the hill, whence the Prince had taken his sketch, whilst Captain Carey had "reconnoitred the valley with his telescope," we came in sight of a detachment of irregular cavalry from the Flying Column, itself visible in marching order on the ridge of a hill about four miles distant. They had not yet approached the scene of the disaster, as their orders from Brigadier-General Wood were to disturb no trace of evidence that might remain until the patrol from Lord Chelmsford's head-quarters should arrive.

The kraal where the Prince Imperial was killed was about eight miles from the Itelezi camp, and over fifteen from Koppie

Allein, where he quitted the column. It consisted of six huts gathered round a small circular stone cattle-pen, and was situated a few hundred yards up the valley of the Ityotyози river. Immediately surrounding it were mealie fields, Kaffir corn, and long grass capable of affording cover to hundreds of Zulus, and at about two hundred yards' distance its approach was intersected by a broad shallow donga filled with rank grass. A more perfect *cul de sac* no man weary of life could desire to step into.

As we drew near, the Basutos and volunteers spread out to search. A few brief moments passed in silence, and then a shout announced that one of the dead was discovered. Men speedily gathered, bare-headed and with downcast eyes, round a spot near the crossing of the donga. In a few seconds the news spread throughout the field that the body of the poor young Prince was found. Surgeon-Major Scott and Surgeon-Major Robinson, of the Lancers, were soon present. But surgical skill was

useless here. Life had been extinct for hours. All that remained for them to do was with considerate haste to examine the wounds, and, in short, low-spoken consultation, decide that two at least of them would have proved instantaneously fatal. Meanwhile, the irregulars gave way and stood at a respectful distance, rough, weather-beaten volunteers and dusky natives, a motley throng, gazing with looks of honest concern at the scene before them.

The Prince's attitude when first discovered was natural and unconstrained. With relaxed muscles, rounded and unstrung by the hand of death, his boyish figure lay stretched at ease amidst the long grass. The face looked upwards towards the blue sky of the cloudless morning. No trace of agony, no spasm of pain, contracted its pallid features or marred their restful lines. The expression they wore was calm and peaceful, not as of one who had died suffering. He had smiled on death, and had encountered it as became one of the great name that had descended to him,

and the courage he was known to possess. No bullet had struck him. The injuries, nineteen in number, were all inflicted by assegais, and seventeen of them were wounds of honour, received in front. His clothes were gone, but his spurs were found beside him, and round his neck there still remained a small chain, to which a locket and some charms were attached. The preservation of these relics was due to a superstition prevalent amongst the Zulus, who left all ornaments of a similar nature untouched upon the dead at Isandlwana.

Evident traces of a desperate struggle were not wanting upon the surrounding ground and on the Prince's bent and bloody spurs. Easy was it for the bystanders to picture with melancholy interest the undaunted bearing of the Prince in this the closing scene of his life. Nor could any conjecture with regard to the gallant manner in which he faced death have well exceeded the truth. The Zulus who attacked him were subsequently examined singly by Sir Evelyn Wood, and all agreed in saying that he

turned "like a lion at bay," and wresting an assegai from one of his pursuers (for his sword had fallen from its scabbard), he hindered them, overwhelming as were their numbers, from closing around him, until a thrown assegai had brought him upon one knee. What scorn must the chivalrous and generous-natured Prince have felt for the men he could see flying, without a backward glance or thought for anything but their own paltry safety! To save his own life he would not have changed places with any one of them. "But yet the pity of it." The possibility of a splendid future was in store for him, and he was equal to it. Rarely has prince exhibited the qualities and parts that he possessed. As a man amongst men of talent he would have stood well without the adventitious aid of rank; and had fortune ever called him to the great station that his father occupied, France would have gained a monarch singularly gifted.

By his vivacity, good nature, and soldierly qualities the Prince had endeared himself to all the officers on Lord Chelmsford's staff;

but even amongst those who were not personally acquainted with him, none could behold with unconcern one of such brilliant promise lie low upon the very threshold, as it were, of the world and his career. No other could fulfil exactly the *rôle* he might have played. Into the vast uncreated world of things that might have been the possibility of his future had vanished, and he, the "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," had prematurely passed away, leaving friends and partisans to mourn over the unredeemed pledge his youth had given to wisdom, hope, and reputation. Born in the purple only to die unfriended and alone in the desert! Even the old soldier-servant who at his head wept now in uncontrollable grief had not been with him. It was a curious coincidence that, only a few days before his death, His Imperial Highness, who was, I believe, justly confident in his skill as a swordsman, had laughingly remarked to Captain Lane, "There is no excitement in being fired at. I want a trial with sword against assegai. I should like a slight assegai-wound."

By General Marshall's orders a stretcher was improvised with lances and a blanket, and, wrapped in another blanket, the body was borne to meet the ambulance waggon by the General himself, Colonel Drury-Lowe, Lord Downe, Major Stewart, Captain Molyneux, and some officers of the 17th Lancers. The bodies of the troopers, Abel and Rogers, were found within two hundred yards of the kraal. The native's body was not discovered until two days afterwards, and then more than a mile from the scene of the disaster, showing what an effort the man had made to escape, for he was not mounted. None of the men had received bullet-wounds. The ambulance and escort returned to Itelezi Hill soon after two o'clock. A general parade was ordered to take place in a few hours.

As the sullen afternoon drew to a close, and early evening approached, the troops marched quietly away to a space without the camp. The 21st, 24th, 58th, 94th, 1st Dragoon Guards, and 17th Lancers wheeled, regiment after regiment, into position, until

three sides of a great oblong were formed. And as the gun carriage bearing the covered body of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte moved slowly into the centre, escorted by artillerymen with reversed carbines, the gloom that had pervaded the camp since the mournful news was received grew deeper and sterner. The dull murmur of voices was hushed, and dumb silence fell like a spell upon all around. Not an Englishman was present who was not conscious that this scene reflected, in some measure, on his national honour; not one who did not in his heart condemn the reckless carelessness that had allowed the life of the last Napoleon to be vainly frittered away in so inglorious a manner. "Oh, where was then wisdom the mirrored shield?" He was the guest of the British army. The responsibility of guiding him through the campaign had been accepted by us. And how had the trust been honoured? In the impressive tableau before us the reply was pictured with inexorable shame. There, simply stretched upon a gun carriage beneath the tricolor of France, was the



Prince Imperial's dead body, pierced by nineteen assegai-wounds—wounds he received fighting single-handed against England's foes, whilst Englishmen fled away! The Catholic priest read out the funeral service, and the words fell from his lips like a condemnation on the ranked soldiers and bare-headed multitude beyond them. A strange sky drooped overhead. Dull leaden clouds hung in pale blue. The near mountains seemed dark and distant in the mist, and just above them, narrowed into small focus where a rift in the clouds unveiled it, lingered the intense after-glow of the setting sun. Lower and lower behind the mountain range it sank to rest, and dusk was fast encroaching upon daylight when the last words were spoken. Death was registered, and another shadow had fallen on the ill-starred campaign in Zululand.

The following morning, escorted by a detachment of lancers under Lieutenant Jenkins, the body of the Prince was removed to Koppje Allein, and thence conveyed to Landman's Drift on the frontier.

In the subjoined evidence of the surviving members of the Prince Imperial's escort I have, to avoid repetition, transcribed only such points as differ from the report of Captain Carey, throw fresh light upon the subject, or present discrepancies in their statements when compared with each other. The names of the survivors of this chivalrous band, so worthily headed by the gallant, or rather galloping, Carey, were Sergeant Willis, Corporal Grubb, and Troopers Letoq and Cochrane. Willis mentions that when the native who accompanied them returned to the kraal with the horses he had been sent to bring out of the mealie fields, he told them that he had seen a Zulu. He continues:—

“We saddled as quickly as possible. All mounted and left the kraal except Rogers, who was trying to catch a spare horse he was leading. I heard a volley fired, and saw Rogers fall against a hut. I saw two men fall from their horses. The Zulus followed us for about two hundred yards from the spot. I should say they numbered about fifty.”

Grubb states that the kraal was one hundred yards from the Ityotyози river,

and that when they entered it they saw some dogs and signs of Zulus having lately been there. The native told him that he saw a Zulu go over the hill on the other side of the river. He further deposes—

“I heard a volley, and the Zulus rushing forward shouting, ‘Here are the English cowards.’ As I rode off I saw Rogers, who was dismounted behind a hut, level his carbine. On nearing the donga I saw Abel, who was just before him, struck below the bandolier by a bullet. From its whiz I could tell that it was a Martini. Letoq now passed me, crying, ‘Put spurs to your horse, boy. The Prince is down.’ I looked and saw the Prince clinging to the stirrup and underneath his horse. The horse galloped a few lengths, and then the Prince fell and was trampled upon. I turned and tried to fire, but my horse tumbled into the donga, and in striving to keep my seat I dropped my carbine. I saw Captain Carey put spurs to his horse. We all did the same, and followed him.”

Cochrane in his statement declares—

“I was next to the Prince. He did not mount. At the shots of the Zulus our horses were frightened, and we could not hold them. After I crossed the donga I looked back, and saw the Prince running. About a dozen Zulus, all armed with guns and assegais, were following and within three yards of him. His horse was galloping away. No order was given to rally, fire, or help the Prince. We galloped for two miles without stopping. Nothing was said about the Prince.”

Letoq says—

“The Prince asked the question, ‘Are you all ready?’ We answered, ‘Yes, sir.’ He then said, ‘Mount.’ When the volley was fired I dropped my carbine, and dismounted to pick it up. I could not again get into the saddle, for my horse was frightened and galloped away with me, my left foot being in the stirrup and my stomach across the saddle. My horse followed the others. I was unable to stop him as I passed the Prince, who had hold of the stirrup-leather, and was attempting to mount. I said, ‘Dépêchez-vous s’il vous plait, monsieur, de monter.’ He did not answer. He had not hold of the reins. I saw him fall down; his horse trampled on him. Carey was leading, and we galloped two or three miles. Noticing that Grubb and Willis could not catch us up, I advised Carey to wait for them. He said, ‘We will cross the spruit, and then go on the high ground and wait.’ No order was given to rally, halt, fire, or try to save the Prince. All Captain Carey said was, ‘Let us go quick; let us make haste.’”

Captain Bettington, by whom in the presence of Captain Shepstone the evidence was taken down, declared that the escort was selected from the best men in his corps, and that their testimony, especially that of Grubb and Letoq, who are particularly cool and steady, may be relied upon.

Grubb and Letoq may be particularly cool and steady by comparison with their fellow-troopers. As the French prefect said to Dumas, "Il y a des degrés." Such conduct is, however, usually, and might be we conceive even in this case, better described by another definition. If the veracity of the witnesses is gauged by a similar standard, it must be in the highest degree trustworthy and reliable. Captain Carey evidently lost his nerve and presence of mind entirely. The fact is painfully patent, that no one thought of or attempted to assist the unfortunate young Prince; whereas, if only one man had stayed by him whilst he mounted, or held his horse's head a second, he might have been saved.

The proceedings of the Court of Inquiry led to no ultimate result, and elicited nothing but slightly inconsistent accounts of what was patent to every one. The gist of Captain Carey's defence was that he had considered himself merely a volunteer with the expedition; that the Prince Im-

perial was in command, and consequently was alone responsible for all that took place. This defence was based on instructions Captain Carey had received from Colonel Harrison, requiring him not in any way to interfere with the Prince, who was to have the sole credit of choosing the camp. But the inference he draws from this command is by no means justified. It referred simply to the choice of a site for a camp, and in no way absolved Captain Carey of the responsibility that naturally accrued to him, as senior officer present, of commanding the escort. Failing, therefore, any further knowledge of what really were Captain Carey's convictions on this subject, his defence would none the less be unwarrantable. But, unfortunately for him, his pen runs with a degree of rapidity and inconsideration consistent only with the exploit that has rendered him famous, and written evidence exists which proves beyond the slightest susceptibility of misconception or doubt that throughout the day he considered himself to be in command of the

escort, that he judged himself responsible for off-saddling in the kraal (with reference to the advisability of which proceeding it appears probable that the Prince questioned him), and that he made not the slightest effort to render His Imperial Highness any assistance. The evidence I allude to is conclusive. Let Captain Carey deny it, if he can. Conscious, therefore, of these facts, the line of defence he adopted considerably aggravates his case, and his attempt to cast the blame upon one whose death he was instrumental in causing, and to save his own tattered reputation at the expense of that military honour and credit the Prince Imperial had always so jealously guarded, became at once doubly disgraceful. It is germane to ask, supposing Carey's contention to be accepted, that the Prince and not he was in command of the little party, how it came about that the latter should not have considered it incumbent on him to wait before retiring, for an order to do so from him whom he asserted what he regarded as the commanding officer.

Nor did the warm professions of affection and admiration Captain Carey made for His Imperial Highness place his conduct in a more favourable or straightforward light. Before all things, the Prince was a genuine soldier. In all matters of discipline he was most scrupulous. Few persons, indeed, were more unlikely to attempt the usurpation of a command that did not in the regular course of order devolve upon him. Carey's consciously unjust effort, therefore, to inculcate His Imperial Highness, to transfer to his account the censure called for by the ill management of the reconnaissance, and thus escape the legitimate consequences of his own ill conduct, is one of the most miserable features in this most miserable affair.

The ensuing extract is the facsimile copy of a record, in the Prince Imperial's handwriting, of his movements until within less than an hour of his death. The original was discovered in a pocket in his saddle. The sketch illustrates the ground the 2nd Division subsequently camped upon.



2.<sup>nd</sup> of June started from McAllister to find canyon  
ground for 2<sup>nd</sup> Dixon. J. E. / Geo? of Aug. 3. Flat:  
10 to. crossed M.B. 1 1/2 from ridge —  
10.45 — ridge.  
11.15 stopped & took notes 11.20. near M.B.  
7.20 entrance of ridge between the  
Tombstone & Dryogone, other side  
South or possibly good camping ground  
on slope side of ridge



taken from entrance of spine  
between Dryogone & Tombstone

As some difficulty may be experienced in deciphering the above lines, I append an explanation of them.

1st of June. Started from Koppje Allein to find camping ground for 2nd Division with escort under Captain Carey. 6 Natal Horse.

10.40. Crossed point B, one mile and a half from ridge.

10.45. Crossed ridge.

11.15. Stopped and took angles. 11.30. (New) point B.

1.20. Extremity of ridge between the Tombokala and Ityotyosi, either (due?) south or go ahead. Good camping ground on slope south of donga.

I now offer a quotation from the letter of the *Daily News*' reporter who interviewed Captain Carey upon his arrival at Plymouth: "He holds that the unfortunate Prince was throughout the commander, and that he and nobody else was responsible for the choice of situation to off-saddle, and that he alone spoke with authority." This is sufficiently definite and explicit; but, having thus ex-

pressed himself, Captain Carey became aware that, owing to the folly of another, it had become possible for him to be confronted with his own handwriting, and on the strength of it called upon to retract the above statement. We find, therefore, in the reporter's account from Portsmouth: "He desires it to be distinctly understood that he casts no reflection on the unfortunate young Prince for the choice of the spot for off-saddling, the selection being one for which, perhaps, all were more or less responsible." Truly a marvellous revolution of opinion to have occurred in so short an interval, and one which requires no comment! And this is the persecuted soldier, the hero still an officer in the British army!

In considering whether any responsibility for the disaster seems to attach itself to those in higher quarters, it stands recorded that there were no written orders to prove beyond question the conditions under which the Prince Imperial was entrusted to the care of Colonel Harrison, A.Q.M.G., in whose department and under whose imme-

diate command he was employed. Lord Chelmsford's military secretary, Colonel Crealock, told me that Colonel Harrison had received positive verbal instructions from his lordship not to allow the Prince to go on any expedition without fitting escort, and in no case to permit him to incur danger. Lord Chelmsford was not aware that the Prince was absent from the column, and if he gave Colonel Harrison the definite and conclusive orders with reference to the Prince's safety that are above mentioned, in common fairness that is all that could be required of him, although no doubt it would have been more in form, that these orders should have been in writing, so that their actual wording should have remained in evidence. It would be unfair that I should quit a topic so sad and so complex without mentioning that Colonel Harrison's written explanation, following on the commander-in-chief's order in the subject, was accepted throughout the army as entirely exculpating that gallant and able officer from any share of blame.

## CHAPTER II.

PICCADILLY IN SOUTH AFRICA, OR LIFE IN A  
STANDING CAMP.

THERE goes the réveillé. Drowsily I rub my eyes, and soon afterwards thrust back the blankets, thoroughly roused by the Basutos singing their morning hymn as they march out of camp on patrol. What the deuce do people want with réveillés and hymns in the middle of the night! Disgusting! However, there is no occasion for hurry; this is our last day in the Erzüngangan camp, Wood's\* convoy re-

\* Had Sir Evelyn Wood's career in South Africa been devoid of aught else worthy of merit, this masterly convoy feat of his would alone have sufficed to stamp him as a man of exceptional energy and capability. An engagement or even skirmish, if successful, is almost sure to command the recognition it deserves, but affairs of this nature, though

turns this morning, and to-morrow our march on Ulundi will be resumed. What a luxury it is not to feel obliged to turn out

often requiring far more patience, energy, and organization, are apt, as in this instance was the case, to be passed lightly over. Their results though not less effectual are less brilliant, and consequently less apparent to the non-military observer. With a train of six hundred empty waggons, Brigadier-General Wood returned to Koppje Allein, loaded up there, at Conference Hill and at Landman's Drift (points respectively twelve and fourteen miles from the Koppje), and rejoined the column at the Erzünganyan camp, Upoko river, in nine days. The distance absolutely marched was over ninety miles, and the route was intersected by several dongas and drifts. Three days were occupied in loading up. In order properly to appreciate the achievement one must have seen half the number of waggons delayed a whole day in crossing one drift, and one must have had some previous acquaintance with that incarnation of perversity, the South African treck ox. Convoy duty in South Africa is heart-breaking work ; no one who has not had experience of it can imagine its many difficulties. General Wood's performance was a triumph of smartness, skill, and organization. From a military point of view it far surpassed any other distinct feature in the war, and inasmuch as it was a more severe test of his qualities as a commander, deserved greater credit even than his victory at Kambula ; indeed, it is impossible for it to be over-estimated. Sir Evelyn Wood possesses that rare faculty of making men work not for him but with him ; he was the most popular man in South Africa ; his own column worked together like one regiment ; and he lacks nothing but the opportunity to exhibit military talents and qualities as yet unsuspected, except by the few officers who served immediately under him in Zululand.

in this raw, misty twilight. How heartily in such moments one echoes poor Lamb's opinion that the saying "we should rise with the lark" is a popular fallacy. As he declares, we are not "ambitious of becoming the sun's courtiers." There is only one thing worth rising for in these idiotic early hours, and that is sport of some sort. No one could ever render a good account of himself who had other reasons for getting up just when sensible people are going to bed. Ten to one he is trying to take some mean advantage of his neighbours. Who ever heard of a noble action performed before sunrise? I try to think I am going to sleep again, but it's no use, and so I watch the sunlight creep down the white walls of the tent. "Est-ce que Mons. veut prend son café maintenant?" inquires Saïd, thrusting his head in. I give vent to some inarticulate sound that, as the coffee happens to be ready, he takes for "yes," otherwise he would have construed it "no." In a few minutes, he returns with a small cup of *café à la Turque* and a slice of toast.

Then he loads the matutinal pipe, and stands ready with a match for the word "fire."

A day with absolutely nothing to do! I revelled in it. "Oh, cook what you like! anything, anyhow! How many? Well, say for three." Our consultations usually end in this manner, for Saïd is a regular *chef* in camp cookery, and never asks for orders until he has made up his mind what they are to be. If by chance I do order anything particular, he invariably proves most clearly that that is the very one thing he could not procure, if I was to die for it; whereas, left to himself, the brigand generally contrives to purloin or forage the constituents of a very fair *menu*. He cultivates amicable relations with the commissariat people. The butcher and he dote on one another, and the baker and he are absolutely inseparable as long as there is a drop of "square-face" in the tent. Consequently, my bread and meat leave nothing to be desired. Fresh vegetables, such as pumpkins and beans ("Zuloo's pupkins")



and "Kaffir's bins," Saïd calls them), are provided by my Kaffir groom, who forages in the native kraals, and knows where such things are kept.

Outside, I hear the refreshing splash of water, which was probably frozen over during the night, mingled with the cheery laughter of Archibald Forbes, chaffing Lord Downe at his early tub. A few low-spoken words and a suppressed laugh followed by silence attract my attention. A moment later, and a gentle tug at one of my tent ropes gives point to my suspicions. Quietly but quickly I emerge from the tent, and looking round the corner, catch Forbes red-handed in the act of letting it down on the top of me. A cherub could not look more innocent. "Ah, old fellow, good morning—how are you? One of your tent pegs loose. I didn't like to disturb you by driving it in, so I was holding the rope till you awoke."

Ablutions and the toilet concluded, I stroll out on the open space that lies between the head-quarter tents and the waggons, which

ranged end to end form the laager. Near the waggon are a line of fires, surrounded by knots of servants busily engaged in cooking. Between these and the tents extends a promenade of turf that has been variously christened Piccadilly, St. James's, Pall Mall, and the Row. Here officers in all kinds of picturesque *costumes de nuit* are assembled chatting and laughing as they saunter up and down or linger together in small committees. Nor is Pall Mall by any means badly represented. At the door of his mess tent, General Marshall, robed like some Asiatic chieftain in an enormous bearskin coat, and with the eternal cigarette in his lips, is deep in discussion with Major Stewart, his indefatigable brigade-major, whose dark beard contrasts artistically with a red brewer's cap. The Honourable "Algy" Bourke, of the *Daily Telegraph*, in a gorgeous smoking-cap and the wash-leather waistcoat we all remember; Captain Lane, whose laugh is better than a "pick-me-up," picturesquely draped in a red blanket; Lord Downe,

Captain Buller, Archibald Forbes—smoking like a factory chimney with both hands far down in the pockets of a home-spun Norfolk, and a “deer-stalker” rammed well down over his nose—Captains Molyneux, Carrington, Farrer, and Lord W. Beresford, form a circle that might be heard a mile off.

“Did you fellows hear about those prisoners you took the other day?” inquires Beresford. (N.B.—Lord William belongs to the flying column.)

“What prisoners?”

“Why, some of your smart linesmen were poking about in the caves over the river there, and they came upon three natives, drivers of ours. One of them is a regular character; he drives our waggon, and has been christened Ketchwayo. ‘Hillo,’ said Tommy Atkins. ‘Who the —— are you?’ ‘Me, massa, me Ketchwayo.’ The fellow could speak a little English. ‘Ketchwayo! Ketchwayo! Then you’re the —— we want to catch. Blowed if we ain’t got the Hafrican monarch himself. Come ’long,

Mister Ketchwayo. Prick his royal calves, Bill, if he don't move 'em quicker.' ”

“Been feeding any more of your horses on green tea, Beresford ? ”

“No. Wasn't that a queer thing, though? The fellow thought the sack was empty when he went to get the feed, and there was a lot of tea in the bottom of it. It got mixed with the oats, and next morning the horse died. My best horse, too.”

Further on, Sir W. Gordon Cumming and the Hon. Guy Dawnay are keenly discussing the possibility of getting a pauw or a buck in the afternoon. If there is any sport in the neighbourhood, they are the most likely men in camp to have it. Before the “Rag”—General Newdigate's mess tent—stands the general himself, in consultation with Major Robinson; whilst near the “Senior Service,” Lord Chelmsford, Colonel Buller, and Colonel Crealock are discussing routes and reconnaissances. Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery, Lieutenant Milne, R.N., Captains Grenfell, Colville, Heneage, and a number of others have

assembled to enjoy the morning pipes, and lingering together, or strolling up and down, render it quite a busy scene. By-and-by, a move is made to look at the horses.

"Come along," said Dawnay; "Lane, Downe, and I caught a nag of Stewart's straying amongst the tent ropes last night, and clipped it."

"Clipping" under these circumstances left the hapless steed with a jagged hog-mane and no tail worth mentioning. On the flanks, in imitation of the horses belonging to the postal service, P.O., V.R., and a crown were roughly cut in the coat. Altogether a horse that had been properly clipped presented a most ludicrous appearance. Not even the forelock remained to qualify the forlorn nakedness of its ears. The operators in this instance had been regular artists, and as the major's horse had ears like a mule, the spectacle we beheld would have required the descriptive talents of Mark Twain to do it justice. The horse knew his tail was gone, and desisted occasionally from feeding to try

and walk round himself and see what had happened. Then he would return to his forage again with stolid indifference, as much as to say, "Oh, all right; it doesn't matter, only I thought it was there. I suppose some one is looking after it." The major himself laughed as much as any one at the horrible transformation which met his view, and accepted ironical bids and congratulations on the "improved appearance" of his steed with perfect good humour. He was an old offender, and it was only just retribution.

Come for a stroll round the camp, reader, if you have nothing better to do just at present. I feel like the little idle boy in the story-book, who wanted some one to play with him; I must find some one to breakfast with me. That square pyramid tent belongs to Prior of the *Illustrated London*. We'll rout him out, and see what he is about. Behold the artist at work, seated on an inverted candle-box, with his camp bedstead for a table.

"I say, Prior—don't look so fierce, old

fellow, I'm not going to stop—come and breakfast with me in an hour."

"Breakfast! God bless my soul, I don't waste time in that way. My hands are full till the post goes. Send your fellow round for that porridge, and don't forget those pencils. Now, clear out; I've had Forbes round here, playing the fool as usual. He wouldn't go till I threatened to shoot him. It's all very well for you fellows who work all night; but I'm busy. Is that plain? Ah! while you're here, just bend down—so—for a minute. A little more. Steady. That's right—so. Nothing like making models of one's visitors. That will do, you may go."

Prior is frank, isn't he? but he is forced to be, for scores of men come in the course of the day to look over his shoulder and watch him at work. That marquee is where the court-martial on Carey is being held. Here we have the "First Field Hospital—Cavalry Hospital—Doctors' mess tent." If ever you are in a fix, go to the doctors; and if they do not put you up with the

utmost hospitality and kindness, they will be very unlike any doctors that I have ever encountered in the field. "Commissariat Stores"—the best abused and hardest worked men in the Service are commissariat officers. Passing the commissariat tents, we come to a break in the waggons in a corner of the laager, where, behind a low earthwork, some of Major Le Grice's guns are stationed. Artillery horses picketed near are dozing peacefully, whilst a smart-looking sentry keeps watch over the burnished "nines" with pride and solicitude. A fine stretch of country lies before us, broad plains of bronze and yellow bladed grasses, tipped with dew, which glisten lance-like in the sun as they wave lazily to and fro in the morning breeze. Away over these are spread the feeding treck oxen, unherded and roaming at will. Beyond, a billowy hill country full of Zulu strongholds rises in the distance. Down there to the right, across that stream, at the foot of the hill—do you see, just between the mealy patch and the edge of the bush—that is where



poor Frith, of the 17th Lancers, was killed. Fresh winds, soft and low, come whispering over the plains. It is very lazily pleasant to sit on this old waggon pole here and smoke, watching the vultures circle in the pure blue sky, and soar aloft till they reach the few faint fleecy clouds that float in its ocean depths. Outside the camp a bugler is practising calls, which musically wind up the hillside from a distance. Away out, beyond the other side of the laager, a piper is practising on the bagpipes. I suppose the pipes did not come under the head of musical instruments, when they were so careful to leave everything of the kind appertaining to the second division behind in Natal. A greater mistake could hardly have been made, and one has only to pass occasionally between the second division and the flying column, which has two bands with it, to note the difference a little martial music makes to the men. Shall we move on? Knots of men seated on logs are gathered round the mess fires, contemplating with gusto the steaming stews.

We are outside the laager now, and passing along its front, near the 24th tents. Here a little amateur barbering is going on; there, tailoring of a like description. Beds and bedding are spread out in the open to take advantage of the sunlight, whilst the guy ropes of the tents are for the nonce converted into clothes-lines, and hung with clothes till the place looks like a washer-woman's yard. Here a game of quoits is in progress, and there a monkey is attracting a large audience; anything does to break the monotony of such a fearfully dull campaign.

Some of those Basutos are fine fellows, are they not? Look at those men; they would be a credit to the marine artillery. Eight or ten of them are lounging round the embers of a fire on which a damper is slowly warming. Lazily they pass the snuff gourd, and with luxurious appreciation, sniff up the pungent dust to the last grain. The cleanly picked skull of an ox remains to show what their breakfast consisted of. A few are standing in statuesque

attitudes of unstudied dignity. Regardless of what passes around them, they gaze absently far away over the plains at the mountain strongholds of their hated enemy the Zulu. High-crowned, broad-brimmed, black slouch-hats shade their swarthy complexions and dark glittering eyes, and these, together with the brown blankets falling in easy folds from the shoulder, gives them somewhat of a resemblance to the orthodox bandit. A wide difference exists between these wild picturesque fellows and those miserable undersized brute-like drivers and voorloopers lolling there on the grass, lazily sunning themselves, and lazily snarling at one another like the foul pariah dogs of an Eastern town. Thick-lipped, sallow-skinned, coarse-featured, small-eyed, repulsive Creoles of the lowest types, marvels of stupidity and uncleanness. Two of them, egged on by their fellows, after showering abuse upon each other till their vocabularies are exhausted, rise at length and repair to the waggons for their salmon-rod-like ox-whips, with hippopotamus hide

thongs. Armed with these they keep at a respectful distance from one another, for a chance blow would hurt, and dancing about frantically they shout vociferously, and crack their whips until a fair imitation of anger is contrived. No one is hit, and as it is warm they soon grow tired of the amusement.

Here we have Major Bengough's battalion of the Native Contingent on parade for an inspection of arms. As far as physique is concerned they are superior to our own men, but except as scouts they are utterly useless. Occasionally they are employed in road making, work which might just as well be performed by the British troops, who have a remarkably easy time of it. It is difficult to understand why a whole battalion of them should have been brought, as it has been proved over and over again that on the slightest provocation they will bolt. A couple of companies would be sufficient to effect this movement, and also to perform their part of the picket duty. Possibly with dis-

cipline they would become useful troops, notwithstanding the fact that their hearts fail them at Ketchwayo's name. No one who has not been in Natal and Zululand can realize the enormous influence Ketchwayo possesses. Against any other power they would fight well enough, for the pluck of the Zulus is unquestionable, and these fellows are simply renegade Zulus.

There are any number of such thriftless loafers in Natal, men of splendid physique and great powers of endurance. Were some of them properly disciplined and formed into regiments, they might subsequently be of great service to us in colonial wars, both in South Africa and elsewhere. There's a smart-looking sentry belonging to them! Somewhere or other he has procured a tattered old frock coat, from beneath which his spindle shanks protrude with a laughably forlorn air. His unlovely features are surmounted by an aged hat, the uncured brim of which has almost dissolved partnership with the crown, and droops gracefully on the nape of his neck.

Over the crown of the hat is drawn the red brewer's cap of his regiment, giving that touch of red to the picture which Morland loves. Apparently he considers himself quite the smart linesman, and with bantam strut he marches up and down, nursing his rifle with truly parental affection and pride.

"Ah, sergeant, have you mended that revolver case for me?"

"Yes, sir; I just took it down to your tent and gave it to your servant."

In an extemporized booth under the shady side of a waggon, the saddler sergeant and his assistants are plying their needles or bristles and awls busily, with a pile of work before them that will take all day to get through. Here a knot of men are taking turn and turn about at the mealie grinder; there an anvil and shoeing forge are in full work; yonder are half a dozen naked natives busily exploring (and apparently successfully) their shirts as they sit in the sun. We cross long lines of covered saddles, picket ropes

and gear, to which the Lancers' horses are just returning from watering, and halt a moment beside Major Harness's brightly furbished seven-pounders. Faintly in the distance are heard the first strains of one of the bands with Wood's column, returning to us with its convoy. "Hooray, hoo-(something)ray," shouts a volunteer in our hearing. "That's the way to do business. There's the band, and here comes the —— little fighting column." This enthusiastic individual belongs to Colonel Buller's Irregulars, part of which force had been left with the second division when Brigadier-General Wood returned to Koppie Allein for supplies. But here is Bismarck, a Dachshund, the pet of the 17th mess, come to greet us. "Good dog, come along, old fellow." And there is the mess table, an oblong trench cut in the ground which enables one to dispose comfortably of feet and legs, and sit with ease on a level with the turf.

The colonel and half a dozen officers are seated round it, tossing over some

old newspapers whilst they discuss that always engrossing question, "Shall we ever get a fair chance at them?" "Them" alluding of course to the Zulus. A quarter of an hour's pleasant chat passes as rapidly here, as time always does at the Lancers' mess. "Come and dine? Yes, with pleasure; but I must be off now, or my breakfast will be ruined. Won't any one come with me. Breakfasted? Call this lunch, then." "All right; I'll come and look on, at any rate," says one.

On our way back we fall in with a Guardsman who is doing duty out here as a conductor, the only capacity in which he could contrive to get up to the front. With a cigarette in his lips he is watching two artillery horses drag the dead body of an ox from the laager. "Brute is going faster dead than ever it did living. That is just what they want to make them move. Yes, I know my waggon gets along somehow. Do you know why? The other fellows shambok the oxen when they stick in a drift, I shambok the drivers."



"Oh, never mind your old oxen and drivers. You'll be shouting 'Ambargé' to your company and shamboking the sergeant when you get back to the regiment. Come and have some breakfast with us."

"Of course I will; I've had nothing to eat but stuff like ammunition since I left England. Your servant can cook; my idiot must have served in a pelican's family, or been cook to an ostrich. He thinks I can digest boulders."

Breakfast over, we linger a while chatting over coffee, and Saïd produces from the depths of some large saddle-bags a cigar-box with a few cigars preserved in tea. "Ceux là sont les derniers, monsieur," he says, with a sort of malicious chuckle of satisfaction, with which he always accompanies such announcements.

Presently in comes Sir Thomas Hesketh (one of Colonel Buller's gallopers), who has just returned with the flying column.

"Packet of letters for you, F——; and I've brought you up some stores, jams, square-face, and potted things."

"You ought to have come half an hour ago; we have just finished breakfast. Will you have some stew—ragout aux haricôts Zulu? Right. Said, bring that stew back, and the square-face."

By-and-by we ride over to Brigadier-General Wood's camp, already pitched, laagered, and as smart as if it had been a week getting into shape. "Hillo, here's the 'boy.'—Lysons, tell us where the Artillery mess tent is."

The "boy," on a ragged pony, pulls up, full of cheek. "Eh? what! you fellows still alive! We heard you had all been massacred. Well, you're all right now. We'll look after you; but what a funk you must all have been in whilst we were away. Artillery? Oh, you'll find them over there, beyond head-quarters. Ta-ta;" and the ragged pony and the "boy" cut a caper that nearly separates them, and off they go.

In the Artillery mess tent, one of the pleasantest and most hospitable of all, we find Major Tremlett, "Gunner" Browne, Davidson, "Keggy" Slade, a couple of the

general's gallopers—Colonel Needham and Captain Cropper—and “Algy” Bourke. Poor Bigge, who was with them at Kam-bula, had the ill luck to be knocked over with fever a few days before the column started, and, to the regret of every one, is now in hospital at Newcastle.

“Sit down, and have something to drink, my dear fellow. You must—one of the rules of the mess. Besides, we’ve laid down a regular cellar this time. Now then, try some of this Steinberger Cabinet; we keep it in whisky bottles because they’re not so easily broken. The Cliquot ’68 is in the square bottles; it’s very like gin, but that’s only climate and travelling.”

The mess table here is a curiosity, covered as it is with names, inscriptions, and sketches. We sit round it for a while, and exchange news from the front for news from the frontier.

As the afternoon wears on I start back to Lord Chelmsford’s head-quarters with Archibald Forbes. Hardly are we outside the lines, when Captain Lane, A.D.C.,

---

standing in his stirrups, ranges up alongside with a shout, and "Flag's down, gentlemen, flag's down." Away we go over half a mile of rough country, across two or three dongas, and up a straight run into camp. Another hundred yards and the captain would have won in a canter; as it was, my nag's turn of speed made as nearly a dead heat of it as possible.

The next day the columns were on the march again.

## CHAPTER III.

## ULUNDI.

PAGET, a free lance, and an old acquaintance of Turko-Russian days, had turned up unexpectedly in camp, with a commission in the irregulars, and Guy Dawnay had contrived to be sent up as bearer of dispatches from General Marshall to Lord Chelmsford, just at the very climax of the war. We dined together under a waggon, or rather, to be correct, in a nook between two waggons. *À la guerre comme a la guerre*—but this was luxury, fine weather, broad wheels to lean against, and saddle bags for tables—

“Point de gêne dans un repas ;  
Table fût-elle au mieux garnie,  
Il faut pour m’offrir des appas  
Que le contrainte en soit bannie.”

Coffee succeeded the "square-face," and, then we sat chipping cakes of golden leaf, and smoking, whilst we chatted far into the night. Buller's reconnaissance in the afternoon formed the chief topic of conversation. It had been admirably carried out, and in its dash, boldness, and the clock-like regularity with which the various troops engaged cut out the work assigned them, had shown how perfect the understanding and confidence were that existed between the men and their colonel. It was just about full moon-tide, and nothing is more beautiful than an African moonlight night—moonlight day would better describe it. Clear, calm, and still, the jewelled skies, undimmed by clouds, shed their refulgence on the earth.

"Lights out" had sounded. One by one the smouldering camp fires were extinguished. The groups of Rembrandtesque figures that had stood in their glare, or flitted to and fro around them all the evening, were no longer visible. The confused hubbub of voices was hushed, and

the men in their blankets were at rest on the ground. The camp in the bush country on the White Umvaloosi was steeped in slumber and silence. On the wide horse-shoe of hills that confronted the position, the flickering watch-fires of the enemy could still be seen.

Paget had gone off to his quarters, and Dawnay, enveloped in rugs, was with all the facility of an old hunter already soundly sleeping. I had a letter to finish, and was scribbling hard, when from over the river in the direction of the Unodwengo and Ulundi kraals was borne the faint swell of men's voices. Fitful, and at first indistinct, it gathered strength gradually as it drew nearer, until like the distant roar of many waters, the increasing volume of sound burst through the still night air with heavy, ominous reverberation. It was the deep-mouthed sonorous chanting in measured cadence of an army. Thousands upon thousands of full-voiced Zulu warriors were pealing forth some tale of past achievement, or bloody

massacre, as they marched through the night. The camp was soon roused—no alarm had been given, but one by one men turned out and listened silently. It had a strange effect, the united voices of a nation thus raised in vehement enthusiasm. Never have I heard anything so powerfully impressive. Although still at some distance, they were steadily approaching, and it seemed evidently their intention to march on and attack the camp. Those who were best acquainted with the Zulus said they were “Hoobering,” and that it was their custom sometimes thus to work themselves into transports of excitement before any great undertaking. If they did not attack to-night, therefore, they would most likely do so on the following morning. We paused and listened. At length a time came when the hoarse chant ceased to draw nearer. The Zulus had halted. Anon they retired, and the chorus died away as it had risen in the distance. Subsequently we learnt that they had only marched out to the spot where lay the dead bodies



of the two men killed in that day's reconnaissance.

Before daybreak next morning, the Irregular cavalry under Colonel Buller stole quietly out of camp and crossed the river, cautiously advancing in the semi-darkness. Fortunately the enemy had withdrawn entirely from the neighbourhood of the river. This was of the utmost importance. In not disputing the passage of the drift,\* the Zulus abandoned their last opportunity of taking the British troops at a disadvantage. Here, as elsewhere throughout the war, they exhibited a marked absence of the slightest conception of tactics,† which contrasted strangely with their thorough appreciation of military organization. The position they might have occupied consisted of broken ground rising smartly from the drift, and thickly overgrown with euphorbia, cactus,

\* Ford.

† Isandhlwana is no instance to the contrary. Here the ground peculiarly favoured their regular mode of attack, and had the whole British force been there instead of half, they would have attacked at the same time and in the same manner, in short as soon as they were ready. That they purposed drawing off half the force is, I believe, a fiction.

kirgebef, tondolosa, and scrub. A narrow crooked waggon track was the only line our men could have advanced by with any regularity, and such was the immense numerical superiority of the enemy, coupled with the advantage they, manœuvring in the bush, would as savages have possessed over heavily accoutred European troops, that it would have been easy for them seriously to have impeded our progress. However, as they had just allowed the column to pass free through fifteen miles of even worse bush country, throughout twelve of which not a drop of water was to be found, it was not extraordinary to find the last half mile undefended.

A faint aureole tinge of yellow over the hill-tops heralded the approach of day. Bugles were sounded. The time for action drew near. "Fall in there, fall in. Silence in the ranks," was heard on all sides, and one after another, in the grey misty dawn, the regiments marched down to the river. The drift was crossed without firing a shot. With the exception of ammunition and

water carts, no vehicles accompanied the expedition. At the council of war held after Colonel Buller's admirable reconnaissance, it had been decided to give battle to the enemy in the open. On the first clear ground reached by the column orders were given to form a square, and Lord Chelmsford's commands rang out with a dash and energy reflected in their execution.

The disposition of the troops was as follows :—Brigadier-General Wood's flying column led the van ; the second division, under Major-General Newdigate, brought up the rear. On the front face of the square were two Gatling guns under Major Owen, flanked by five companies of the eightieth regiment under Major Tucker. On the right flank were two seven-pounders of Major Tremlett's battery under Lieutenant Davidson, seven companies of the 13th Regiment under Major England, divided by two more of Major Tremlett's guns under Captain Browne and Lieutenant Slade, and four companies of the 58th Regiment under Major Whitehead, two companies being on

each flank of a nine-pounder of Major Le Grice's battery, under Lieutenant Crookenden. The rear face was composed of one of Major Le Grice's guns, two companies of the 21st regiment under Major Hazlerigg, and three companies of the 94th Regiment under Colonel Malthus. On the left were placed the remaining three companies of the 94th Regiment, two seven-pounders of Major Harness's battery under Lieutenant Parsons, eight companies of the 90th Regiment under Major Rogers, and two guns of Major Le Grice's, that had been temporarily attached to Major Harness's battery, under Lieutenant Elliot. The interior of the square was occupied by two companies of engineers under Major Chard and Captain Anstey, a company of Natal native Pioneers, the doctors, hospital stretchers, ambulance hammocks, etc., with their bearers, the native contingents of both columns under Major Bengough and Captain Loraine White, and the ammunition and water-carts. Colonel Buller's Irregulars were in advance and on the flanks, whilst two squadrons of the 17th

Lancers and Captain Shepstone's Basutos formed the rearguard.

"Fix bayonets." A momentary rattle ran round the square; bright rows of glittering steel flashed in the early sunlight, and the motionless ranks were ready, nay eager, for action. There was a little pause of silence, then "March!" echoed down the lines; "March, march, mar-r-ch!" mingled with "Walk march!" of the artillery; and with measured tramp of infantry, trundling of guns, clanking of harness and accoutrements, the square moved forward. Even before the rearguard had completed the passage of the White Umvaloosi drift, a small detachment of Zulus was observed cautiously reconnoitring from a distant hill on the left rear of the line of march. Stationary, but significant, like the black cloud on the horizon which precedes a storm, they crouched upon the sky-line and attracted little notice. For a while no other scouts were visible, but by the time the troops had halted and fired the first kraal—Ülam-bogwemya—their numbers were considerably

augmented. The hillsides near them became thickly dotted with dusky warriors, who, scattered about in twos and threes, hovered restlessly on our flanks. Still their movements were characterized by extreme caution. They formed only the advanced guard of the right horn; no signs had yet appeared of the other.

Steadily advancing, the square passed on the left of Unodwengo, formerly the residence of the great Panda. This kraal was also fired, but, foreseeing that the smoke of a conflagration involving such a vast number of huts would serve to conceal the movements of the enemy, Lord Chelmsford ordered the flames to be extinguished. Meanwhile, still in the same direction—along the sky-line to the left—the Zulus had begun to show in great force. Already they were descending towards the plain in columns and companies, preceded by skirmishers. Dense columns could also be seen issuing from Ulundi, away on the right front, whilst their skirmishers, rapidly multiplying in number, became at the same

time visible on the front face of the square. As yet, owing to the nature of the ground and the cover it afforded, no signs of a demonstration could be detected on our direct right or right rear, in which direction the left horn of the Zulu army must, according to their recognized plan of battle, eventually show itself. Evidently, however, the attack was rapidly developing. It now only remained for the troops to reach and await it upon an advantageous position that Colonel Buller had taken note of on the previous day, and subsequently mentioned to Lord Chelmsford. Wheeling to the right the march was continued for a few minutes. The square then halted, and, facing outwards, the troops prepared for action.

Unodwengo was now on the right flank, almost in a line between it and the laager; Ulundi lay before the front face. The ground surrounding the position was, with the exception of a few small clumps of bush, perfectly open. On three sides it dipped slightly. Formerly it had been the site of a mission station, fragmentary remains of which were

still standing. These were speedily levelled. The few minutes that elapsed before the engagement commenced were otherwise employed in burying the dead body of a trooper in Colonel Buller's Irregulars, who had been slain there yesterday, a hasty service being read by the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Rorke's Drift fame.

In the mean time a few straggling shots and puffs of white smoke on what was now the left face told that the struggle was commencing. The irregular cavalry had opened fire on some of the enemy hidden from the square by long grass and an elevation in the ground. With startling rapidity a brisk fusilade was developed, and scarcely were the mounted men on this side engaged when Shepstone's Basutos on the right face of the square, near Unodwengo, commenced a hot skirmish with the advanced guard of the left horn of the Zulu army, which at length had revealed itself. In both directions the cavalry were soon forced to retire, closely followed by the enemy, who swarmed over the ridges or undulations in the plain in great numbers.



The mounted men were now engaged on all sides, maintaining a desultory fire as they fell back on the square, the lines of which were opened to receive them. They galloped in, the infantry closed up, and the artillery opened fire. Notwithstanding the excellent practice made by the gunners, and the smartness they displayed in working their guns, the Zulus advanced without any perceptible diminution in speed. Their right and left horns had effected a junction, and their plan of attack had thus been carried out with marvellous rapidity. But a few minutes before, the handful of scouts on our left was the sole visible evidence of the proximity of an enemy. Now the transformation was complete, and the square was thoroughly hemmed in. Thousands and thousands of naked warriors were sweeping towards it, over ground that a moment past was bare save for a few bushes. Above the din of firing, and in its fitful lulls, was heard the hoarse roar of their shouted menaces and defiant threats: "We come to trample you down!

"We come to trample you down!" It was the same cry raised with such terrible truth as they rushed on the scattered companies at Isandhlwana, when, lacking ammunition, the British soldiers, dauntless still, fought back to back, bayonet to assegai, with the dogged courage of despair, against crushing and hopeless odds—fought on, simply waiting for death to relieve them at their posts. "We come to trample you down!" To-day it was an empty boast.

Less time had been occupied by the above events than I have taken to describe them. Shrapnel and rockets from the right and left flanks, speedily followed by volleys from the front ranks of infantry on the same faces, had no success in checking the enemy's approach. With determined obstinacy they still advanced, and volley-firing became rapid and general. It was soon apparent that the principal effort was to be made from the rear, in such a manner as to preclude effectually any possibility of retreat to the laager should disaster overtake us. Over the rising ground Shepstone's Basutos

had been forced to abandon, the Zulus poured in a continuous stream. On they came, traversing the right flank partially under cover of Unodwengo, and sweeping out on to the open ground beyond, where their numbers were swelled by the main strength of the right horn. The plain was black with them. Without pause or hesitation, if anything indeed with accelerated speed, they pursued their course, closing up together as they crossed the intervening depression in the ground. Then with a magnificent rush they came in a vast crowd straight for the right rear corner of the square. Neither shrapnel, rockets, nor heavy musket firing checked them for a second, and Lord Chelmsford, who with General Newdigate was anxiously watching this phase in the engagement, ordered reserves to be moved up. It was a superb exhibition of pluck—a grand rush. The dash and *élan* displayed by these ill-disciplined natives were truly marvellous. With undiminished pace they had advanced across open ground, in the face of a tremendous

fire, to within seventy yards of the square, and a hand-to-hand conflict appeared imminent and inevitable.

“Steady, men, steady!” shouted Major Hazlerigg to his companies of the 21st. No caution was necessary. Towards the point they covered the Zulu attack was more particularly directed, but both they and the adjoining companies of the 58th and 94th exhibited wonderful steadiness, and answered immediately General Newdigate’s command to cease independent firing and pour a few volleys into the long grass.

It was a moment of excitement. Through the smoke clouds we could distinguish the black ranks plentifully scattered with the white shields of the celebrated Umclwiche regiment. They were wavering, pausing as it were for a spring. Only seventy yards off—a dense mass, that by sheer weight could have shattered the slender line opposed to them had they continued to advance, and it seemed impossible they could turn when so near. Would they come

on? They come—no, the volleys were too much for them; they have turned, flying precipitately, and a gust of sudden cheering, that must have reached Ketchwayo in Ulundi, started from the corner, and in a second swept round the square. “When you cheered we knew that we had lost,” said a prisoner afterwards. “Where are the Lancers? Now for the cavalry,” was the cry. But on such masses of the enemy as were yet unscattered, and, now that the first impulse of retreat was over, were lingering to return our fire, it was deemed yet early to precipitate our handful of regular cavalry. The Irregulars, being only armed with carbines, would have been comparatively helpless in a stubbornly resisted charge.

Interest in the fight now veered to the opposite side, or front face of the square, defended by the 80th under Major Tucker, and Major Owen’s Gatlings, which, according to the Zulus, we “loaded all night and fired off all day.” It was naturally the weakest point in the position. A short dis-

tance beyond the lines the ground suddenly dipped, and this, together with its more numerous clumps of bush and the drifting clouds of smoke, enabled the enemy to draw near without being observed. Nevertheless, the men, who were thoroughly well in hand, and formed one of the oldest and steadiest regiments with either column, reserved their fire with the utmost coolness. A few minutes previously a Gatling gun had been removed from this to the left front of the square, before which the Zulus gathered in very heavy columns. But eventually it proved that neither on this face nor elsewhere (although the attacks were perhaps more prolonged and obstinate) was any onslaught made to parallel the brilliant dash and determination of the rush for the right rear corner of the square.

In the angle made by the 80th and 90th Regiments was Brigadier-General Wood with his staff. The general was radiant with smiles, and evidently in his element. At his heels was Lieutenant Lysons, the "boy," who also looked as happy as if he had just

threw an assegai, which fortunately struck the buckle of his cross-belt, or in all probability there would have been a vacancy in his regiment.

Following the Lancers, the handful of Dragoon Guards under Captain Brewster, and the Irregulars led by Colonel Buller, Lord W. Beresford, Sir Thomas Hesketh, Raaf, Prior, Blaine, Darcy, Baker and Cochrane, poured out of the square in a sort of rush-for-the-first-fence style that soon brought them into close quarters with the enemy. The field on this side was now covered with scattered horsemen, dotted with white puffs of smoke, and flashing with the glance of early sunlight on drawn swords and glittering lance-heads. In all directions the cavalry were wheeling, turning, and charging the enemy wherever they hung together in sufficient numbers to attract attention. Meanwhile on the front, right, and left faces of the square, where, notwithstanding the result of the main onslaught, the attack was for some time stubbornly persisted in, the firing began to

decline rapidly. Convinced of their defeat, the enemy drew off, hotly pursued by the cavalry, nor did they pause until they reached cover in the bush or gained the crests of the surrounding hills. From these points they were dislodged by shrapnel fired with time fuses, which burst time after time among the dusky crowds on the sky-line, and completed their discomfiture. The ridges were deserted; once again, save for scattered bodies of cavalry, the plains were bare, and but a few knots of sullenly retreating warriors in the distance could be distinguished of all the black thousands that a few minutes past had darkened the country side, and surged with savage eagerness over the soil of their birthplace and national stronghold, animated by one impulse, obedient to but one desire, that of defending king and country against the menace of an intruder. Can we blame them? They were only guilty of what in civilized countries are talked of as amongst the noblest virtues a nation can possess—patriotism and loyalty. But if they knew



no better than to hold such antiquated notions in earnest, they must reap the consequences. Under a free course of gin and missionaries they will soon become enlightened. Probably England never engaged in so unjust a war, or on such trivial grounds set her civilized force in motion to crush an independent savage power. However, there is, I suppose, some satisfaction, after being laughed at and bullied in Europe, to bluster and conquer—God save the mark!—in Africa.

The fight is over. The fierce excitement of battle is allayed, and the question falls from every lip, "How many are killed? Whom have we lost?" There is no mezzotone in the music of war. Defiant exultation or inexpressible sadness claims all its chords, and inevitably the vibrations of the one are succeeded by nervous quivering of the other. A busy crowd of doctors occupy the centre of the square, where, exposed to all the enemy's fire, they have gallantly performed their duties unmoved throughout the fight. Surgeon-Major Robinson, the

cheery favourite of the Lancers' mess, pauses a second in his labours anxiously to inquire, "How are the boys?"

"Poor Edgell is down."

"Wyatt Edgell dead! Good God, you don't say so!"

"Yes, it is true. Lord Beaumont was close to him. He says he was keeping his men together as coolly as if on parade when he was hit. You have lost a good officer."

"And a thorough good fellow too," says the doctor, as with but little leisure for pity he rushes off to a patient.

The wounded lay around in Ashantee hammocks and ambulance stretchers. There was Liebenroth—Colonel Glyn's aide-de-camp—calmly smoking his pipe, and appearing altogether so unconcerned that it was difficult to believe a shattered arm lay across his chest. Near him was young Phipps, Glyn's boyish galloper, more concerned about the fight than his wound. "Are they licked?" he inquires. "Come and tell me all about it. Who is hit?" Jenkins, the keen soldierly adjutant of the Lancers, is

also anxious about his regiment, but a smashed lower jaw prevents him speaking, so he writes with pencil on paper, "How are our fellows?" So it is with them all. "Have we licked them? How are our fellows? Who is hit?" Not a word about their own suffering.

As soon as the wounded had been attended to, the square moved on to within a mile of Ulundi, and halted whilst the cavalry went forward and set fire to it. In a short time the kraal was in flames, and with Ketchwayo's capital his power was destroyed. I cantered back to the laager with Archibald Forbes, who started the same evening and rode through, scarcely halting, with telegrams for Lord Chelmsford, to Landman's Drift, thus adding another to his record of brilliant rides. Few men, unless, indeed, it were a Forbes or a Guy Dawnay (who started a few hours later and performed the same gallant feat), would have cared to risk penetrating, on the night of Ulundi, the fifteen miles of thick bush, full of the scattered Zulus, which intervened between our

camp and the next post. With his usual good nature, Forbes offered to take a telegram down for me, but I intended to go down myself. As there was ample time to catch the mail, I did not leave until the following morning, and then halted all day at the Intongeneni laager to write my letters. Shepstone kindly lent me a couple of Basuto guides, and, leaving at twelve o'clock the same night, we jogged quietly down to Landman's Drift. As we used the same horses throughout the distance, the halts were necessarily prolonged. We saw plenty of Zulu camp-fires at night, but only once fell in with any Zulus. It was in the early morning after leaving Fort Evelyn. We were riding slowly along, when my guide suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Zulu, Zulu!" On the crest of a hill that our track crossed about half a mile further ahead, a knot of a dozen of them were halted a little off the road, observing our movements. The Basutos wished to return, as they expected a stronger force might be in the neighbourhood, but it

was useless to retrace our steps or go out of the way unless absolutely obliged to do so; so whilst one fellow took a line from me to the commandant of the fort, the other remained, and we dismounted to wait. The messenger returned with a couple of Marshall's Irregulars, and thus reinforced we continued on our route to Fort Marshall. Meanwhile the Zulus had disappeared over the brow of the hill, and as we saw no more of them, it was probably a small party, and not part of a larger force. They were the last Zulus I saw or ever wish to see, for a campaign in Zululand is as dull and monotonous as a Scotch sabbath.

The following document, together with two others which appear in subsequent chapters, I venture to offer for the reader's perusal as the most extraordinary specimens of English that have ever come under my notice. They are letters written by my servant to a relative of mine. Once when I was pressed for time and could not write myself, I requested Said to do so for me, and finding that his letters were infi-

nitely more amusing than my own, the request was repeated. Unfortunately only three of them have been preserved. Their author speaks ten languages, all more or less fluently. English, however, he appears to find great difficulty in attaining. Italian seems to predominate in his spelling and pronunciation of it, but occasionally there is a fair admixture of German and French. How far Eastern languages have influenced his style I am unable to say—probably but little, although they are his forte.

"Lord Chelmissford	}	From Zululand
faiting Colomn.		near
		Kings Kraul Kecewayo,
		Juny 27, 1879, in Camp.

"MONS.,

"You will ferghiv my (me) Monsieur if ai (I) tek di pleen liberty tu raid (write) you fir de first time after so long time dat vi bin marcing (marching) in tis gioli (jolly) contri; tu sai de truth is not my folt percos after very soort time ven vi kem in Durban vi beghint marcing tho Lover Tirghela tho mit (with) de Column, vi croset de river and advanced in Zulu contri, tel Ghinghilova ne

vi vent attakte fir de first time bai de vualse (vile) Zulus; bet tenks Good (thank God) dat after gut fairing from de valoros rege-mente and naval brighed vi left and (on) de graund good nomber of the enemy. I vuars sev naf (was safe enough) in tis faiting ai (I) sedlet aurs (our) horses and tekt (took) di braidles an tekt position and de vith de vagons. Mine marster i giompt oup ad goin ol over de pleses, from de lagher tu si de operezion from de faiting, bet y dit ben stil in my posizion tel de fairing vaars over: good mene horses vars kiled very near my (me) bet aurs vaars sev naf (safe enough). I dit rammenber you dis nigtt Monsieur tu raid newes of aur marce, percose vi advanze tel kuait (quite) Ulundi, vi beghind brening (began burning) di militeri krauls, vi bin soor dat vi attak tomorre de King's Kraul den Kecevayo, ai hope vi vil bitem (beat him) fir de last time very early in di morn-ing in cool vetter. Besait tis vi vuar (were) good mene times tornet auf (turned out) in di night from aurs delizios tend (our deli-cious tent) and coled (called to) indi arms

in tis offol scule naghts (awful cool nights), here Monsieur is not sliping (sleeping), auf every morning am (at) 4 clook, stend in di arms soldier, officcers, general, and civilien, voccing (watching) den ennemi in every posizion tel delibreak (daybreak), if you noet (know it) Mons. vot amusement et is in di day time if vi a (we are) not in di marce y am offol angheget (engaged) viht (with) my kuching (cooking). Mine Mons. give every rigule (regular) day brekfast party, diner-parti ecc ecc and after ol tis great tropel fir amusement tu my y otu meken (I ought to make) caple dozen turkis cigarets every rigule day. I ramember dat am fort Peer-son in Lover Tughela den first day ven vi kem vi head bat (had about) 10 officers tu diner vith de honorable commissery General Stricklen i took am (he talked in) Greek vith me, very good gentleman, and mine marstr olovers ask good dinners not comon tinks, immagine you self vot vi ghet (get) in tis vuals plees (fool's place), no vood no vatter. But y du oloves de besth vot y ken fir dos gentlemens, y fid (I feed) every badi



vith meat of Zulus buloks dat moor cooks more hart et is, vith Kaffirs dry bins meg stiue ovet (make stew of it) and great big Zulus pupkin fir vegetable, vith ol tis de very soddisfait vith my. Fir Mons. der corrispondent artist from de *Ulustreet London neues* M. Priore, envent (invented) me tu find good pleet of porrig, meed vith Zulus milimiles (mealie-mealies—sort of flour of Indian corn) for mine master and i (he) is very fandem oveth (fond of it), i say dat it duim (does him) good ay (I) belive dat, bet not goot tu my (me) tu kuchet (cook it) every rigule morning. I think Mons. you vil faind different mine marster percosse vith tis fid y recolect dat ghetim tin (getting thin)," etc.

Saïd has a finely developed talent for grumbling. The "breakfast and dinner parties" must have been evolved out of his own inner consciousness, for I have no recollection of them, and the "caple dozen turkis cigarets" that he "otu meken every rigule day" were only made on one occasion for an officer who could smoke nothing else, and who tipped the ungrateful ruffian handsomely for his trouble.

## CHAPTER IV.

### UNDER WAY.

“No, Sir T., I don’t think ye’ll be able to get her out, these tides; however, it’s just a chance,” said the master of the *Lancashire Witch*.

The yacht had been in harbour for some time, and the question was the possibility of crossing the bar. To fail “these tides” involved another fortnight’s waiting in Durban.

“Very well, Douglas: have everything ready for a try, at all events.”

We were breakfasting at the Royal, at Durban, and the sailing-master has just come up from the “point” for orders.

But little regret tinged our feelings on quitting Natal, and that little even was

lessened by our sojourn at the Royal Hotel.\* Indeed, an hotel in Natal is simply a dangerous ambushade for travellers. The country will never be worth a tithe of the money spent upon it; nothing that has ever been tried there will flourish. "A war is the best thing we have tried yet," said a colonist to me once, in answer to some question of mine with reference to the productions of the country. Possibly; but dragon's teeth produce what is usually a very expensive crop to reap, and the next harvest of the kind that occurs the Natalians may have to garner for themselves, which will considerably reduce the profits. Both animals and crops are subject to various plagues. Even man is cursed with a loathsome disease known as "Natal sores," and is sure to be infested with ticks whenever he enters long grass. The country was bankrupt before the diamond fields were discovered, and will revert to the same condition as soon as the accession of capital

\* Since the above was written, the hotel has changed hands and is greatly improved.

from this source and the impetus more recently derived from the war is exhausted in vain efforts to make it produce something.

It is difficult for me to speak fairly of the colonists, as in doing so I shall be criticizing a body of which I have only properly beheld the legs. My time in Natal was fully occupied, and I had no leisure to spend in cultivating an extensive acquaintance with the better classes. The few people that I was acquainted with amongst them, it would always be a source of congenial pleasure to me to meet again. But my recollections of the colony are coloured more by impressions received of the lower classes, that in passing through a country a stranger comes in contact with and has to deal with; and they, as far as my experience leads me, have no redeeming quality. "Nothing is more generally distressing than impertinence," said a great courtier once, and on this score nowhere would one be more generally distressed than in Natal. One is accustomed in travelling to be overcharged and plundered; it would be unfair, therefore, to blame the

Natalians simply because they excel in a recognized branch of industry. It is their talent, and they hide it not in a napkin. As my servant (who has studied in the Levant and would take a double first were he examined in his learning with regard to Eastern tricks of trade) said to me once, beaming with admiration, "Mais, Monsieur, ils ont un talent—un vrai talent—ces gens là. . . Ils vous volent à quatre mains en plein jour. Un Grec n'y est pas et un Levantine s'y perd." All this one can bear with the philosophy that grows out of practice, but it jars one's sensibilities to be treated at the same time with brutal insolence. Imposition in other countries is usually executed with a degree of charming politeness that still leaves the victim under an obligation, and allowing that to be robbed is Kismet, it is certainly preferable to have the operation performed with "a smile that is child-like and bland," to being morally knocked down and shamefully entreated.

These impressions are not peculiar to myself. The officers of one cavalry regiment

have it on record that, whilst serving in Natal, they were greeted with but one spontaneous remark of civility; and hundreds of Englishmen, who like myself knew Natal almost exclusively by its roads and towns, and who consequently found themselves imposed upon and insulted at every turn, shared similar opinions, which for the sake of the few good fellows they did encounter, they could scarcely be expected to modify.

But—

“Such was our mild and tolerant way,  
We only cursed them twice a day.”

We had not long to wait; the tides served us well. The yacht was enabled to leave harbour, and soon we were under way.

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free.”

Once more we were afloat. The lights of Durban were just dropping below the horizon, and the masthead lights in the roads above were steadily visible, when we said “good-bye” and went down to dinner.

Such a thing as a cigar, at least a tobacco-leaf cigar, was not procurable in Natal; but at the price of good cigars tolerable Manilla cheroots might be obtained. In the hurry of leaving, I had commissioned the—well, some one, to procure me a case. After dinner—not without a feeling of uneasy suspicion—I opened it, and took a handful out at random. What were they? what on earth were they? Curious, mottled, attenuated objects, amidst which a penny Pickwick would have looked regal! I took my pipe and went on deck.

“Have a Natal cheroot, H——,” said I.

“Thanks.”

“Tip, will you?”

“What did you say it was?” asked H——, examining it by the light of the deck-house window.

“A Natal cheroot.”

“Oh! it looks like a dead caterpillar.”

“Is it a worm you’ve given me?” cried Tip, casting it from him in the dark with a jump. “And I was just going to put it in my mouth.”

On deck it was charming. The yacht was bowling along, in a light breeze, fully nine knots an hour with hardly any apparent motion. Every stitch of canvas was set and drawing.

Lounging in cane chairs near the deck-house, H——, S——, and C—— had been engaged in a discussion about Ireland. S—— defended his countrymen, and having recovered his equanimity, after being disturbed by the caterpillar, continued—

“I know no people so fit to govern themselves. Faith, they’re all highly educated, and they’re the most peaceable fellows in the world. Then the statistics of crime are a mere nothing. There’s no such thing as robbery, and ye never hear of murder.”

Here a chorus of dissent interrupted his panegyric.

“Hang it all, Tip; why, there isn’t even a close time for bailiffs! They are not even protected by game laws.”

“Ah; but that’s only their fun. You wouldn’t take away all their amusements. If they do pot a rocketing bailiff or a land-



lord flying, or blaze into the brown of a covey of agents, after waiting for them all night in all sorts of weather, it doesn't hurt the stock; there are plenty of them left. Besides, the boys are so high-spirited; naturally they don't like a fellow bothering them year after year for rent and taxes."

A vacant hammock was swinging near; I climbed into it. In the pauses of conversation the tinkling of the "band" in the fo'k'sle, and the occasional burst of a chorus, came aft and mingled with the soft rush of water. They are great at singing up in the bows there, and amongst their songs some appear to be particular favourites; one especially, which recounts the troubles of a very-much-married man. The chorus, as nearly as I can arrive at it, is:—

"For she lets me have it, day and night,  
And whatever I do, I never do right.  
The neighbours all know what a temper she's got,  
And say 'Poor Mr. Coppin, you're copping it hot.'  
Encore—"For," etc.

"Let the men have a tot of whiskey, Douglas," says H——, as the master passes.

It was a glorious night. A beautiful wilderness of fairy-like fleecy clouds gleamed above us, and slowly through the broken blue and frosted silver the pale queen of night ascended to her court in the starry skies. Sentinel stars encircled her, and sparkling courtiers met or followed in her train. Higher and higher she lingeringly rose; her reflection, erewhile but a magic thread of trembling light thrown across the surface of the ocean, growing and extending till the deep dark waters, waking as it were from a spell, laughed back at her with ceaseless mirth, and our ship ploughed on through silver seas and waves of living light.

“Where are we going to, H——?”

“I haven’t thought about it yet. I told Douglas to go away from Natal; that was all I cared about. Sooner or later, I suppose, we must land C—— at Zanzibar.”

“You have no cruise marked out, then?”

“No; I never have. What is the good of arranging beforehand to stay a fortnight at a place when you may be sick of it in three days? I like to go to a port and stop just

as long as I feel amused, whether it is a day or three months, and then go somewhere else. What is the good of being hurried and bothered about reaching places by certain dates? It makes the thing a business at once. If you want to kill time you must ignore it."

"But where are we going to now? What is the first place we touch at?" inquired C——.

"My dear fellow, I've no idea. Where do you fellows want to go to? Go where you like; I don't care."

"It's a pity to pass Madagascar," said Tip. "I vote we stop somewhere for a day, and just taste it."

"Anywhere you like. C——, F——, what do you say? Is it Madagascar?"

"Madagascar it is. Hear, hear."

And so our first destination is settled. It was late before any of us turned in. The silvery moonlight, the musical plash of waves, the soft sighing night-winds, the charm of change and novelty, all combined to render it far too pleasant for any one to

think of sleep. Nor was it until the breeze freshened and rougher winds swept through the rigging, that we were roused from our lazy enjoyment of the night.

Holy-stoning the decks woke me early this morning. Then a period of quiet ensued, and drowsily dozing I caught myself wondering why reveillé did not sound. "There it goes." With a start I jump up. It was only C—— playing the fog-horn outside our cabin doors. We turn out upon deck in pyjamas. What a lovely morning! bright and sunny, too early yet for heat. Light breezes blow, and the yacht glides easily along. Everything is clean and neat and trim. The coiled ropes, white deck, and polished brass fittings almost form a Dutch picture of cleanliness and order.

Near the lee scuppers C—— is being played upon with the hose instead of having a shower bath below; and having finished himself, vainly seeks to entice "Joe" within range. But Joe is wary. Joe is an old sailor, and knows as much about the hose as any one can tell him; so he defiantly

cocks his stump tail and trots forward to see whether that smoke from the galley chimney means cooking.

H—— appears up the companion hatchway with the box of cigars under his arm that he takes to bed with him.

“Have a cigar? Tip, have a caterpillar? Here, Satan.”

“Sir T——?”

And a diminutive dark-skinned Cingalese who answers to this appellation runs aft.

“Bring the coffee up here.”

“Yes, Sir T——.”

“Order anything you want, you know. Breakfast won’t be ready till eleven.”

Reader, I have not yet introduced you to our family of live stock. First and foremost, permit me to make you acquainted with Joe, *alias* Don José and twenty other cognomens, all of which have been tried one after another in the vain hope that at last one would be discovered that took his fancy and which he would answer to. But it is no use trying to please Joe, he exhibits no preference—in fact, he appears to have a

profound contempt for nomenclature. You may call him what you like and as often as you like, he comes or not according as his better judgment may direct him. I doubt whether he even heeds the still small voice of conscience. He has been named after many holy men, but it did not endue him with meekness or obedience. Then they tried him with renowned historical names, that had belonged to great knights, generals, and philosophers. Joe did not reciprocate the compliment by any change in bearing. In desperation they solemnly baptized him in the names of the most sinful and abandoned characters that could be thought of. But Joe didn't care a cent—Judas or (Abe) Abraham, Bayard, Cæsar, or Plato, it was all one to him. The main point was he didn't mean to come any way; after that you might please yourself. There was one name which with characteristic perversity he did appear to recognize more favourably than the others. It was a bad name—a very bad name—they gave him in the fo'k'sle, and which he seemed to take a

pride in, as if he felt he really deserved it. We could not use it, of course, except perhaps in a whisper, and Joe did not lend himself to whispering in company. So he came to be called Joe, with or without his sanction, for they could not go on for ever inventing titles for the brute; and consequently, when he was addressed he always looked as supremely unconscious as if you were speaking to the topmast. "Come here, you brute, and be introduced properly." "Produce the bone, and then I won't," says Joe, only we cannot understand his Russian-poodle lingo. "Never mind; go to blazes then."

Secondly, you must know Carlo—a black retriever, and Joe's polar antithesis in character and disposition, resembling him only in colour. Joe presumes on Carlo's good nature until there's a fight and he gets thrashed. Then he stops fighting and begins presuming again.

Besides the dogs, there are two nasty little Madagascar cats, with large eyes and long tails. They render themselves gene-

rally obnoxious, and are, as one of the men says, "the misbehavingest little—well, cats that ever were."

Lastly, there is a large and queer-tempered monkey. I can't introduce you to him myself, because I don't know him; but you can go and see him by yourself, if you like. He lives in a hencoop for'rad, and is confined by a chain, which chain is thirty-four inches long. I nearly lost the calf of my leg one day by misjudging the area of that chain two inches.

We have not yet been on board long enough to get lazy, consequently every one is down in time for breakfast. After that there is a miscellaneous heap of music to try over. The piano is a little queer tempered and erratic at first, but by the time we have extracted a pair of gloves, a pipe, a corkscrew, two matchboxes, and a book of poems from its interior, it is found to be in very fair working order. The deck-house is converted for the nonce into a studio. H—— and I have a strong attack of painting, which lasts some days, and is productive



of some extraordinary freaks of genius in the way of effects. There is a well-stocked library, a quantity of curios, and a pile of papers to be examined. And so with quoits and conversation, larking and loafing, whist in the evenings, and smoke all day, time, on swift silent wings that are never furled, slips imperceptibly away without a shadow on its record,—

“ With toying oars and silken sails we glide,  
Nor care for wind and tide.”

Come with us, reader.

## CHAPTER V.

### MADAGASCAR.

ANY person with a well-regulated mind would, I suppose, date this chapter. For my part, there is an irrevocable self-committal—a methodical business-like stare,—about a date that my idle soul abhorreth. As a rule it is far more trouble to inquire the day of the month, weigh the conflicting testimony invariably received, rack one's brains for corroborative evidence, arrive at an impartial verdict and finally correct it by reference to a borrowed almanack, than it is to write the letter. Besides, what business is it of ours if the old gentleman with the scythe and the hour-glass likes to be the tenth of December or the first of August.

Willingly I would never write or even know a date. I would keep no measure of time, carry no watch, read no clock. For the present I can indulge in my un-business-like predilections. All I can tell you, then, is that it is early morning. The sun rises slowly out of the seas in a warm transparent haze. The seas aforesaid are quite calm and clear, and with a ripple, ripple, splash, splash, of tiny wavelets that rise and fall, we are gliding at half steam into Bembatooka Bay. I won't say anything about the smoke from the funnel or the noise of the engines, because that would spoil the picture. Tip and I are sitting under the deck awning, and Tip is drinking my coffee. "Don't, Tip; the empty cup is yours." C—— is on the bridge with the captain, and H—— is not yet up.

"Bembatooka Bay," says Tip meditatively. "Bembatooka Bay, Madagascar. What a beautiful address to give to a d—d fellow who was bothering you about a long bill! Eh? He'd be speechless, wouldn't he? I must look up my letters and see if

there isn't some one who wants to hear from me. Then I'll write and say I'm thinking of staying here for a long time. Bembatooka Bay: yes, by the holy, I'll write to ——, in Bond Street. I've got a bill of his somewhere. Poor ——, he'll be speechless after waiting so long. What's that ship in the bay, C—— ? ”

“An English man-of-war. Come up and look at her.”

“B' Gad, I will, or you'll be running into her. Starboard the port helm and lower two topmasts. Belay that bowsprit and form fours. Avast.” And Tip mounts the bridge to “assist” the captain.

There are few prettier sights than a British man-of-war; and H.M.S. *Spartan*, with her white awning, white-clothed officers and men, and general air of trim smartness, drew an exclamation of pleasure from all of us as we passed and anchored opposite Majunga. In a few minutes a boat from her came alongside, and a midshipman boarded us, with all sorts of kind messages from Captain Tracy, who wished to know

whether we required assistance of any sort. We strove to induce our visitor to remain to breakfast; but sternly refusing, under plea of duty, he soon left us.

Majunga is a picturesque village situated near the mouth of the bay. Flat-topped Arab houses, of white, yellow, or red stone, and clusters of huts constructed of palm leaves and bamboos, descend to the water's side and spread along the narrow beach, on which a few boats are stranded. The hill behind is hidden in the dense foliage of mango trees mingled with the slim stems and feathery crowns of palms, or the giant trunk of the baobab tree. On the summit of the ridge lies the old Arab fort, half hidden in its leafy screen; and above it floats an enormous flag, bearing the name in large letters of the Queen—Ranovolana. During breakfast came a bundle of the latest English papers from Captain Tracy, who soon followed himself and invited us to tiffin on the ensuing morning.

Breaths of perfume-laden air, ruffling the water's surface, ventured off shore from

inland forests and the blue hills we could distinguish in the distance. It was fearfully warm, and lounging on deck under the awnings, as we smoked and skimmed through the papers, time slipped away until it was already "deep i' the afternoon" before we summoned energy enough to land. Majunga is quaint and interesting. The decayed Arab houses with their elaborately carved portals, and the ruinous old fort, speak of a long-past period when its prosperity was far greater than is at present the case. The modern additions to the village are one-storey huts, built of split bamboos interlaced with fan-shaped palm leaves and thatched with the same material or grass. Many of these huts display great neatness and finish in workmanship, others are mere screens from the sun. The inhabitants are mixed. Hovas (the dominant race in Madagascar) and freed slaves form the bulk of the population. Besides these there is, however, a fair percentage of Sacalavas (the aboriginal inhabitants) and Hindis, those cosmopolitan, grasping, restless traders who are found

throughout the East. The antecedents of the Hovas are, and appear likely to remain, an unsolved problem, all conjectures as to the spot whence they originally migrated being purely hypothetical. In features they bear a striking resemblance to Malays.

They are slightly built, well formed, possess long straight hair, and intelligent—in many cases even pleasing faces. The Sacalavas, on the other hand, are genuine Africans and have features of a very low type. Some that were pointed out to me wore their hair after the fashion of Abyssinians, in numerous narrow plaits.

When we landed, the inhabitants were still but half aroused from their morning siesta. Such as were not lying asleep in their shops and huts were grouped in the shade, engaged in listless conversation. Here and there Hovas, draped in the spotless white linen folds of the lamba, and wearing high-crowned, narrow-brimmed straw hats, glided silently up and down the dusty streets; here and there a Hindi, by dint of ingenious signs, strove to make us

understand that he had something to sell or wished for our washing; here and there could be caught the flash of dark eyes peering curiously at us from the obscure interior of some hut, otherwise the village was steeped in true southern apathy and slothfulness.

We climbed the rugged pathway leading to the fort, which contains within its precincts a considerable village, besides the missionary school-house and the white-washed and very unpretentious Government House. Under the grey stone archway a peaceful-looking old man was seated on a grass mat, with a few wares, such as rice, spectacles, and reed pipes, spread out before him. An old flint-lock musket with bayonet fixed was leaning against the wall. Was he a sentry?

The crumbling walls were armed with a few guns of ancient date, corroded with rust and useless. The missionary school-house was crowded. Missionary influence is at present paramount in Madagascar, and they have obtained a powerful guarantee for



its preservation in superintending the education of the young.

Returning to the village, we found our way to the house of Madam Bekker, who supplies British cruisers with provisions when (as not unfrequently happens since the slavery suppressive movement) they touch at Majunga. Madam Bekker was a shrewd lively woman of a certain age, and possessed traces of long-past attractions: in figure she was—

“Not so light as to be borne  
Upon the ears of standing corn,”

or saplings either, for that matter, unless they were very tough and well grown. She chatted in excellent English, and received us with extreme unction. Her house is the rendezvous of all foreigners, and not altogether without grounds has she conferred upon herself the comprehensive title of “European Consul-General.” Her two daughters—Majunga belles—after peeping round corners and curtains, came forward and conquered their shyness without any

desperate effort. It somewhat neutralized the power of their yellow charms to see each one burdened with an ugly little monster, like a saffron-coloured monkey; for both were lately married.

In the cool verandah we sat for a while and slaked our thirst with gingerbeer,—the only drink to be procured—whilst Madam B— strove to tempt us with grass-woven tablecloths, silk shawls, grass hats and very doubtful-looking jewellery, the productions of the Island.

At length, having ordered three palanquins to be ready at six o'clock next morning to convey us to some duck ponds in the neighbourhood, we left and rowed off to the yacht. In the evening Captain Tracy dined with us. Most of his officers were away boat-cruising along the coast, on the look-out for slave dhows. An empty slave dhow was boarded a few days ago, which had evidently just landed its cargo. In Captain Tracy's opinion, if our cruisers were removed, the slave trade would revive with all its former vigour.

Early this morning S—— and I landed. H—— and C—— decided to remain behind, in order to lunch on board the *Spartan* and afterwards call on the governor. Douglas accompanied us. Our palanquins and bearers were in waiting at Madam Bekker's. Six bearers were attached to each palanquin, which admitted of a change of two. The palanquin consisted simply of a leathern chair without legs, slung between two light poles coupled together by iron cross-bars. A wooden cross-bar, hanging by cocoa-nut fibre (that was always breaking) to the poles, supported the feet. Four extra men carried our guns, ammunition, and luncheon. S—— was the first seated, and rousing the sleepy inhabitants of Majunga with a "Hark for'ard, gone away, gone away, gone away, tally-ally-ally-ally ho!" he and his bearers went off at a rapid trot. We soon followed.

The road led up the hill, round the ramparts of the fort, and through groves of magnificent mango trees. In these sombre Druidical retreats—more solemn and of grander mystery than cathedral aisles—

were white-robed Hovas, strolling silently down dim vistas, in the cool morning air. Their shadowy figures, mingled with the dark embossed trunks of giant trees, had a wonderfully striking and picturesque effect.

By degrees the country grew flat and somewhat uninteresting. Mangoes gave way to custard apple and palm trees. In places it was tenanted by herds of the small, beautifully shaped, humped cattle of the country, amidst which, in amicable relationship, flocks of white paddy-birds were feeding.

Our bearers proceeded with untiring rapidity, invariably racing downhill. They changed without halting, each couple taking five minutes' rest to ten minutes' work. The motion, after being sustained a while, grew very unpleasant, and the rail of the seat was just high enough to cut the small of one's back. We were not sorry, therefore, when, having penetrated some distance into a palm forest, our men suddenly halted and by signs informed us that the ponds

were near. Dismounting, we took our guns and advanced. Through the slim trunks we could see the glint of water, and as the view became more extensive, flocks of ducks and teal could be distinguished on the surface and round the shores of the pond. Up they rose in clouds. The main-body departed, but for a few minutes single birds continued to circle aimlessly round. We bagged four and a half brace, besides three plover which fell to a single shot. Our bearers then waded in to collect the birds, and we moved on to the next-pond. This was of much larger size. The flapping of hundreds of wings followed our first discharge. We then took up positions near the water's edge, in the shadow of the broad fan-shaped foliage of the lesser trees, and obtained shot after shot as the birds, single and in couples, swooped down and circled round the pond. Bang, bang, right and left, and shot from the other side of the pond came pattering amongst the leaves around me. Douglas picked his birds sitting, and fired anywhere. Shouting was

of no avail, so that as the day wore on the sound of his pellets became quite familiar. Fortunately he was generally some distance off. S——, in equally good spirits and quite as reckless, was stationed just opposite him, and they peppered one another with delightful unconcern.

At length we met at the far end of the pond to breakfast, for which by this time we were well prepared.

Breakfast over, we loiter time away for a while, and smoke whilst the natives take turns in fanning us with an enormous palm leaf.

"Captain, I think you're a little reckless in firing sometimes," remarked Tip, in his quick Irish tones.

"Ah, no, sir, I think not," replied Douglas with a long Scotch drawl. "Ye was always well out of range; but there, sir, if ye'd just heard your shots a-pattering—pattering about my head every time! I didn't say anything, for I didn't like to spoil sport. But I did hear them, Mr. S——; indeed, indeed I did."

“Well, I don’t see how you could be nearer to me than I was to you.”

“Indeed, sir, nor do I. Maybe we’d better leave that to the shot, as the American said in the tale.”

“What was that? Tell us.”

“Well, sir, an Englishman was bragging to an American about the trees in our parks. ‘We’ve the most splendid trees in our parks,’ he said. ‘Wal,’ says the Yankee, ‘I guess ours are better; they grow so thick in our parks that they’re only three feet apart.’ ‘Humph! three feet apart, eh? Humph. Well, any way, the deer in our parks can’t be beaten.’ ‘Fine horns?’ asked the Yankee. ‘Oh, splendid!’ ‘Wide apart?’ ‘Rather—five or six feet some of them.’ ‘Wal, I guess our deer are finer then; their horns are mostly ten feet apart.’ The Englishman thought for a while, then he exclaimed, ‘But you said the trees were only three feet apart; how do they get through them?’ ‘Wal, I guess we leave that to the deer.’”

The native had ceased fanning us, and

gone off to his fellows. Tip was asleep. Tip always is asleep if left to himself for five minutes. He says that the faculty was possessed by the first Napoleon and other great men besides himself. But Napoleon, I believe, had also the power of awaking when he pleased, whereas Tip requires to be severely maltreated before he can be roused at any time.

Douglas was smoking in silence. Half hidden from us by leaves and a few silver-stemmed palms could be caught glimpses of the sleepy forest lake, its bosom strewn with purple lilies and gold and green hued weeds, amidst which only here and there a riband streak or a small pane of sparkling water could be seen. Tilting the lazy foliage and kissing the wild flower's lip, softly the fitful wind rustled with murmurous lullaby through the forest of palms. Is there a music sweeter than this dreamy music of nature? If so, I know it not. It is the very poetry of harmony. *Allegro, moderato, adagio, ritenuto, dolce, diminuendo*, and with inexpressible sadness the tone



lingers and dies away. Lunga pausa—the symphony is over; all is still, as if Nature is in a reverie—as if, oppressed and weary by the heat of mid-day, Nature rested. “Here in cool grot”—if there may be a leafy grotto paved mosaic-wise with flowers—we rested too. Only remorseless time continued its silent march, and the hours sped rapidly by. There was perfect stillness for a while. Then through the forest trunks swept music like the forced quivering notes of the many-piped organ. Crescendo, staccato, con brio. The silence was rudely broken.

“Don’t Mr. S—— snore beautifully, sir?” said Douglas pensively. He certainly is accomplished in this particular branch of music; although I must own to having applied another term than beautiful to it sometimes when, on a quiet night, with the cabin doors open, I have lain awake and marked the time whilst he unconsciously performed dashing capriccios and lively tarentelles that chased away my sleep.

The next pond was some little distance off,

and here we drew almost a blank. Then, as the day was on the wane, we turned our faces homewards, halting *en route* again at the large pond, where we shot another brace and a half of birds. Our sum total was seventeen brace and a half of duck and teal.

The following day we took some photographs and sketches. The photographs were on dried plates, but when they were subsequently sent to a photographer's to be reproduced, with the exception of one they all proved failures. Captain Tracy, Lieutenant Fortescue, and Dr. Loftie of the *Spartan* dined with us in the evening.

Majunga was fatal to many of our live stock. Poor Carlo, after wasting away almost to a skeleton, died and was gathered to his fathers. The monkey had developed such a strong taste for sailor's hind leg, that the men who worked the foresail had to exercise extraordinary agility to preserve their calves. He also, as the Chinese say, "saluted the world." Lastly the Madagascar cats were put to an untimely end.

An expedition up country to Tananarivo was mooted and discussed, but as it would have occupied from three weeks to a month and no one seemed very enthusiastic about it, the idea was finally abandoned, and the following day we left for Johanna.

·    SAID'S SECOND LETTER.

“ Madagaskar.

“ Pambatoka Bay, 11-8-'79.

“ MONS.

“ I tink dat you receve letter from my (me) adrest from Zululand vur ai (where I) did raid (write) di famos istori from aur campegne a living in Zululand vi vars nevver sodisfaet tel vi dint distroet Kecev-vayo is army and bombard is famos Krool of Ulandi. Mons. tel vi com in tis affar of Ulandi vi hev good skermices befor dat vit de Zulus. If you ramember from tis ples vor j dit aârest de letter vi marc bait (march about 10 miles and vi camp here, indi iving (evening) officer from de 17th Lancers comin tu mine master in aor tend and sai you herd ene tink tis afternoon ?

Der Prince Imperial is assagait fui aors goo (few hours ago) from Zulus !! Orribel news but is dan (it is done). Alors (then) mine mastr stopt is raiding (writing) and roon the Lord Chelmsford aor General and askim kuaitly (quietly ?) if tis orribel neuwes is throt (true) del General verii amable say yes pover Prince is masacred from Zulus 10 miles far from aur campe Tomore morning vith escort of Lancers and ambulance vi trai tho faind is bodi. So di dit (they did) de next day faind de bodi vith 16 assagai vund. After Catolik cerimoni vot vi meed in aor camp by order den General de bodi vaar sent in Durban in de sem nait (same night). Vell no time to sper ve most borbard Keccewayo is Krool erli indi mornig and de marce (on the march) ghen. Mine Mastre olores marce vith de lancers, di olores marce in di front from de column 10, o 12 miles far voth (what ?) you think Mons. di Lancers indi sem day faind Zulus in de smoll Bush Gallopin, firing laik lains (like lions) & mine mastr gallopin vith de Colonell and Ajutant. Vell bullet pas

tru and kec (catch) den pover Ajutant and shotim deat—dat vaar second funeral, bit no Zulus vaar left in de plece, Dat is notting vi most marce tho Ulandi giv good moning tho Kecewayo, and so vi dit. Nex morning marcing ghen and vi laghert in dat bush vor vi hed dis skermic stop here fir ten day met nais (made nice) rest but no moor Zulus. Mons. aot every day vith de Lancers si if de faind deu enemy enevey! (anywhere). No moor Zulus in aor voey di a (are) ol in Ulandi di voit (wait) fir es (us) but vi a redi tu (too), vi ha am de marce. After 5 day of marce vi com am de top of te haiste (highest) montens of Zululand, ai (I) ramember non (none) so cool veter y never filet (felt) in Russia. Luking raund vi si de famos Krool of Ulandi camped ghen, but one 5 o 6 maeles (miles) far from Kecevayo. Kecevayo soe (saw) aor tends (tents) med great preper vith is army and send Zulus vith not (note) tho aor Genarl and say I pai yuo di expensis from de vaar (war) and I vis (I wish) you tho goo bek vith you army, y send you 114 buloks and y think

you will be sodisfait—h' Ola!! i (he) never pay de Rum vot de soldier tring (drink) marcing in is roon (own?) contry. Dat is not vous (no use)! next day daun daun von montens in Ulandi afder dat vi ghed (get) victoria cross and so vi dit. Vi cros de Withe Umvolssi river with 4 Regement met (made) de skeur (square) with artillery lancers volontiers, corrispondent, civilien servant and von from dos y vaars, but tis time vi hed no vagons tho hev ri cover (to have cover?) ol am de plen graunt (plain ground) in 2 aors ol de afer (affair) vaar finist de Zulus de var soddis fait one vith de artillery. De military Krools brend (burnt) Kecewayo is Krool brend so y thing de vaar is over, now vi vill finis la tour du monde—vi du de voyage vith Sir Thomas am is yacht, dat is very hevvy travling. Vi eskep from dos vael's Zulus but y dont nou (know) if vi vill eskep from tis vual sea yuo vil ferghiv my Mons. fir de 2<sup>o</sup> time dat I du rid (write) you so plean. Y (I) will you describe aur voyage vuon (when) vi vill com in Indii."

## CHAPTER VI.

JOHANNA.

"Two by honours and the odd trick. Your deal, partner."

"Partner, when you saw me refuse, why," etc., etc.

"I called for trumps," remarks Tip's partner in a mild tone of reproach.

"Did you, now! I don't remember to have felt you kick me under the table," replies the imperturbable one with a laugh.

The rubber over, we leave the deck saloon and go out into the cool night air.

"Stars are shining, Molly darling,  
Through the mystic veil of night;  
They seem laughing, Molly dar——"

"I don't wonder at it, Tip, when you make that melancholy row."

“Melancholy row, do you call it? Just listen to him—melancholy row! My dear fellow, you’re absolutely without taste. There’s a fortune lost in my voice. Melancholy row! Sure, I pity you.”

In the blue-vaulted heavens hung great isolated lights, bright southern constellations and countless hosts of lesser stars. Below, the dark ocean, like a sister heaven, was illumined with their reflections, and on the heaving swell, as it rose and fell, each ripple sparkled with a dancing gleam of phosphorescent light. There was not wind enough to fill the sails or vex the hushed waters with full-blown waves. With uneasy creaking of ropes and spars the yacht rocked idly to and fro in its ocean cradle. The fluttering canvas echoed loudly in the still night. We were almost becalmed. Oh, the long summer nights, so tranquil, clear, and caressingly soft, between Natal and Zanzibar, how delightful they were!

“Sleep, moonlight! sleep upon the wave,  
And hush to rest each rising billow.”

The waves slumbered and the winds were



at rest, but it seemed irreverent for anything else to waste such hours in sleep, and morning was always well on its way to us before we left the deck and turned in.

"If it continues like this we shan't make Johanna by to-morrow morning. What do you say, captain?"

"Oh yes, sir; we shall get a breeze after midnight, and about eight o'clock will see us there."

"If any of you fellows care for scenery you had better turn out early to-morrow. They say the island is lovely from a distance," said H——.

Soon after sunrise we caught our first glimpse of Johanna. Already we were well within view, and amply justified were the expectations we had formed with regard to its attractions. Still and picture-like the painted island lay on the sunlit waters, as though under a spell—like the enchanted island of some powerful magician, by whose mysterious agents all the world's fairest gardens had been ransacked during the night for fresh-culled flowers, to heap up

---

and cast hap-hazard over the rocky ground-work of his home. It seemed unnaturally beautiful. Peak upon peak and slender spire-like crags rose precipitously out of the flashing waters, and glistening in the sunlight climbed into the heavens, there to be half hidden or wholly lost from sight ; for above the island all the clouds on the horizon were massed together, and, piled one upon another in glorious confusion, the golden and rosy mountains of heaven vied with the purple mountains of earth in majesty. As we drew nearer, through the dim veil of haze could be distinguished, in miniature, dark ravines and fairy-like valleys hung with fast-dissipating wreaths of silvery mist ; then fairly indicated masses of variegated foliage. Nearer and nearer we approached, till the mango and cocoa-nut, palm tree, tree fern, and banana were easily recognizable, and in reckless profusion the brilliant colouring lay blended and scattered before us. Nature wore here her richest robes, beaded with silver dew, fresh-bathed in radiant

sunlight, and we gazed on them in wonder and admiration.

“Breakfast, breakfast, breakfast!” Where is the scenery that will overbear the warning, “Messieurs, le déjeuner est servi”? And whilst the yacht under steam glides gently past the narrow shore, and onwards in its course towards the little town, we dive below to the saloon. Soon through the skylight we hear the leadsman call the soundings, a second later the master’s voice—

“Right, for’ard there?”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

“Let go.”

And the cable rattles through the hawse pipe as we drop anchor outside the coral reef in ten fathoms of water.

Long ere this, natives, in narrow dug-out canoes furnished with double outriggers, had come alongside to offer eggs, bananas, fowls, shellfish, and other provisions for sale. They soon obtained a footing, and the yacht’s deck for’ard was speedily converted into a market-place, resounding with

a Babel-like confusion of tongues and broken English. Sad to relate, the simple natives of Johanna have strongly developed propensities for thieving—so, at least, tell-tale rumour sayeth. We, however, suffered no losses; for as soon as they boarded us, men were told off to watch them and prevent their going below unperceived.

Shortly after our arrival we were visited by the “General.” The exact nature of his official position it was impossible to discover. “General” is, I fancy, a style he has adopted because it sounds well. The most definite of the many functions he appears to unite in his small person is that of interpreter to the Sultan of Johanna. Attired in European costume of spotless white, and a red cap somewhat like a crown adorned with a large brass star, the General—a brisk, restless, dark-complexioned little fellow—made himself very much at home, and opened the interview with, “Well, what’s best news?” We gratified him to the best of our ability; and also, in reply to his questions, told him the name of the

yacht, whence she had come, and whither she was bound. He then suddenly changed the topic of conversation. "By way—any one small pair opera-glass give me? Small pair, only small pair. I no got opera-glass. Want sometimes bad." Unfortunately we had no glasses to spare, but I must do the General the justice to say that he accepted our excuses with the most genial and unruffled affability. The next thing he took a fancy to was a box of cigars, from which he selected a liberal sample; in fact, he seemed to think it a pity to leave the box behind, which indeed, under the circumstances, was rather an empty courtesy. Finally, he unfolded the main object of his visit, namely to obtain our washing. This he vowed to perform cheaper and better than it had ever been done before. To discuss the point he was referred to the steward, with what success I know not.

A suave and unctuous contractor, who accompanied him, remarked that H——'s canvas shoes were the sort of pair he

had been pining for for years, and, in a seductive aside, intimated to the wearer that the possession of them would render him completely happy. That, however, I should imagine, might be made to depend much upon the manner in which they were presented to him. Failing these, he was in a position to relieve us of any spare coats or hats we might have to part with, or he would oblige us by taking a few English sovereigns at ten rupees a piece, as he required them to make earrings for his wives.

At length, after much cordial shaking of hands, they departed.

In the afternoon we went ashore, and again fell in with the General. I fancy he must have been lying in ambush for us. He carried us off to see his primitive sugar manufactory, and expended a vast amount of persuasive eloquence in striving to effect a deal in that commodity. Subsequently he invited us into his country residence, a lightly built shed of palm leaves. It was situated on a small clearing amidst a

jungle of tree fern, jack fruit, and mango, banana, cocoa-nut, and palm trees, in the cool delicious shade of which the sweet-scented lemon-grass grew in profusion.

“ Well, what you take, eh ? Cocoa milk ? ”  
We assented, and our host despatched one of his slaves to climb a tree and procure fresh nuts. Curious to see their mode of climbing, I followed him. Having selected a tree, he placed one foot in each loop of a piece of rough fibre rope, doubled, knotted, and twisted in the middle ; then, clasping the trunk with his hands and raising his feet, he pressed the rope that connected them against the tree. By these means he obtained foothold, and by straightening his body and raising his grip was enabled to walk up the lofty stem with consummate ease and rapidity.

Johanna is a walled city, complete in its way as a specimen of Arab architecture. From without, the walls and battlements, crumbling rapidly to decay, give it a sufficiently picturesque appearance. Grey, grim, and massive in a small way ; or shall

we say simply heavy and dirty, with an assumption of greater antiquity than is really justifiable? It depends entirely upon the mood in which we view it. In either case we should be right. Enter the arched gateways, and you are speedily lost amidst an inextricable labyrinth of tortuous passages, hardly to be dignified even by the term lanes. High-walled houses rise on either side of a six or seven foot way, through which in most cases meanders an open drain. A shower converts these passages into small canals. Above, a blue riband of sky is to be seen betwixt the house-tops; whilst high up on the walls is the glint of sunshine, which only penetrates below for a short interval at mid-day. Often in the semi-gloom you find yourself suddenly face to face with a richly turbaned stately Arab or Moor, whose silver-chased sword and dagger, swarthy face, and regular features complete a striking picture. Many of the doorways are handsomely carved and surmounted with inscriptions from the Koran.



Strolling through the town on Saturday afternoon, H—— and I were captured by a loafer who constituted himself our guide, and led us to a spot outside the town where a children's fête was being held. It was a pretty spot. Huge mango trees surrounded a lawn overhanging the sea-shore. On the green turf a crowd of children were "playing soldiers." We were immediately seized and escorted to the little refreshment tent, where cakes and a sweet beverage of some sort were pressed upon us; nor could we escape without partaking of their hospitality.

Heavy showers this morning brought the water, leaping in hundreds of thread-like runnels, down the steep hillsides to the sea, till such rocky spots as were not hidden in verdure seemed covered with silver filigree work. When the day cleared, the island and its rain-spangled foliage emerged from the clouds with enhanced freshness. During the morning a good many fish were caught off the ship.

Soon after breakfast, the "General," with

a friend of his, the "Major," and the affable contractor, came off with a stock of native curios and productions for sale. They were more anxious to procure English sovereigns to convert into earrings for their wives, and other domestic ladies whose position was not so clearly defined. The General and contractor had nearly completed their sets, when the Major—a corpulent, sedate, and peaceable looking individual, who drew his breath with audible effort, and possessed that stupid air of blank wisdom noticeable sometimes in a confidential drunkard—took me aside, and with great depth of feeling entreated me to oblige him with sovereigns also. "I will gif eleven rupee—one pound. I mos haf four pound. My Got, if dees men get all earring for der wives, I no der will be der murder with my wife. Eleven rupee—eleven—half."

"There are no more."

"My Got, no more! What shall I do!"

A heap of bamboo canes lay near us on a sofa. I laughingly pointed to them. He understood.

“Ah, you do not know. I try dat, but she no let. She—— Ah!”

Evidently the Major only commanded in the field; his wife took charge of the garrison.

In the afternoon we called by invitation upon the brother of the Sultan, Prince——. I forget his name. His Highness dwelt in a miserable house in the centre of the town. One room served alike for reception and bed-room. The attempts at decoration, such as painted beams in the open roof, coloured prints on the dirty white-washed walls, and the coloured calico, glass ball, and tinsel adornment of the bed, rendered the general aspect of poverty and discomfort doubly conspicuous. A crowd of hangers-on stood near the doorway. We were accommodated with seats. Through the General as interpreter, a languid interchange of small-talk endured for half an hour, when it died a natural death. Then we looked at one another in silence for five minutes, and finally departed. The prince was an apathetic unintelligent man.

---

His nerveless drooping lower jaw, weak features, lustreless eyes, and sallow visage gave him the appearance of being a prematurely aged debauchee. Throughout the interview he chewed betel, and expectorated profusely into a tall brass vase beside him. But even these acts were apparently an effort. Poor prince! I wonder if he has ever recovered the exertion of entertaining us.

## CHAPTER VII.

## ZANZIBAR.

MY querulous and well-worn pen approaches Zanzibar slowly and with diffidence. Everybody knows all about Zanzibar—at least, I suppose so. However, few places now remain to which the same remark may not with equal justice be applied. The empty ginger-beer bottles and orange-peel of civilization are to be found scattered in the world's most secluded corners. With the seven-league boots of steam we have almost outgrown this little “tas de boue,” and henceforth travellers' tales must all be more or less repetitions.

Well, as it fell upon a day, somewhere in the forenoon, we glided under half-steam through the reef-bound southern channel

that leads to Zanzibar. I know not what the date was, neither do I care. Vaguely, though, I fancy it was about the end of August or commencement of September. Time has happily no meaning for us. "Dem Glücklichen schlägt keine Stunde." Perhaps some day, looking back, I may find myself saying with unfortunate Max—

"O goldne Zeit der Reise

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Da rann kein Sand, und keine Glocke schlug."

As we passed on we were struck with the marvellous beauty and variety of the reflected colours of the sea, shifting and scintillating in the glare of sunlight, over the numerous coral reefs. From the fathomless and glorious Adriatic blue of deep water, to the pale transparent emerald tones on the shallow reefs, its changes were clearly defined, plainly indicating the presence of coral and its extent.

Like all Eastern towns, Zanzibar offends every faculty but that of vision. From a distance the white houses and green blinds, the feathery palm trees in the courtyards,

and the yellow strand have a kind of pleasant sleepy look about them. But Stamboul and Galata, the back water-ways of Venice at night, Cologne with its "hundred smells" are rose-gardens by comparison with the sea-beach of Zanzibar at low water. Nor are the streets in the bazaar very much less offensive. All the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten this little town.

H.M.S. *Euryalus*—Admiral Corbett's flagship; H.M.S. *London* (an old-fashioned wooden ship, which since the slavery suppression movement has been stationed here as a sort of floating dockyard); a large vessel engaged in laying the new telegraph line to Natal; the British India and Union Steamship Company's mail-boats, together with the Sultan's yachts, four in number, a fair sprinkling of small merchant shipping, and a large flotilla of dhows, gave the harbour a busy appearance.

*A propos* of the Sultan's little fleet, a rather amusing tale was told us. Captain Mohammed Bin Hamees, the Lord High

Admiral, was sent once with a small corvette on a cruise to Bombay. He was a man of social disposition, and having arrived there he plunged boldly into the vortex of dissipation and society—such a vortex as there is, at least, in Bombay. He entertained with boundless hospitality, casting money about as if the ship's hold was full of it. The natural result was that he ran short. But Mohammed was enjoying himself, and he was a man of resource. He wanted money, so he put the corvette in pawn, sent the crew home in a merchant vessel, and when the fresh supplies were finished, himself returned as a passenger by the regular line, leaving his ship behind him. His defence was naive. He said that at Bombay he found the Sultan's name was unknown. He conceived it his duty therefore to enlighten the barbarians. This accordingly he had done in his own fashion. "And now," he said, "if you inquire in Bombay who the great Sultan of Zanzibar is, every one can tell you, for his magnificence is celebrated, and he is thought something



of." The grateful Sultan rewarded Mohammed with a period of solitary confinement, from which, at length, he emerged to occupy the less responsible post of reader and interpreter to his royal master.

Zanzibar was not at all the place I had pictured to myself. The Consulates, the old fort, the Clock Tower, Custom House buildings, Sultan's Palace, Harem, and other buildings along the quay and sea-shore give it quite an air of importance. Most of the houses are flat-roofed and white-washed, the monotony of white being pleasantly relieved by green jalousies.

When the heat of the day was partly over, we went ashore for a stroll in the bazaar. The Custom House premises, where we landed, were crowded to overflowing with black porters, yellow unwholesome-looking hawk-nosed Banyan traders, Jews of various nationalities, and a sprinkling of Persians and Parsees. We slowly percolated through the crowd, pestered by a gang of vociferous and impudent boys, who offered to act as guides and drago-

mans, and chaffed us when we refused their services—at least, if they did not chaff us, it sounded very much like it; only when a fellow does not speak even pure African, but a kind of Zanzibarbarous argot, one cannot be sure whether he is metaphoric-ally prostrating himself in the dust at your feet, or inquiring who is your hatter. I think an Englishman, as a rule, has the same sort of objection to engaging a guide that he has to asking the way. It destroys his independence at once; he is “taken” about and “shown” things, which always disgusts him. But there was no means of discouraging these boys. They tired us out. Finally, in self-defence, we selected a couple of the most importunate, earnestly hoping that the rest in their jealousy would slay, or at any rate attempt to slay them, and so bring about a general engagement, in which all might suffer. Much to our disappointment the election passed off without hostilities, and those boys clung to us for the rest of the afternoon. They exulted in their brief authority, and seemed

to take a malignant pleasure in leading us into all the foulest slums in the place. These, they said, formed the "bazaar."

The shops are of the smallest, dirtiest, and most uninteresting description that it is possible to conceive. For any one who does not trade in ivory there is literally nothing to buy, and sincere as were my intentions to invest in a few mementoes of the place, I could find nothing appropriate. One could hardly carry off a bundle of yellow tusks weighing some fifty pounds apiece—they were expensive, unornamental, and useless; but the alternatives were drugs, spices, gum copal, tortoise-shell, old clothes, fish, fowls, nuts, vegetables, tawdry trinkets, and old iron. However, a vast number of human beings not only live and breathe and have their being here (to the unsophisticated European a source of wonder), but amass wealth, and sometimes great wealth, amidst what appears a very empire of squalid filth. In many of the reeking passages you may stand, and with outstretched arms touch the stalls on either

hand. The throng of men, women, and children press on in one continuous stream. A black porter with a heavy load jostles you head first into what should be the small of a fat Jew's back; a pariah dog dives through your legs; an Arab boy scrapes the end of your nose as he thrusts a way betwixt you and the fat Jew; a plump negro Venus, with a coal basket on her head, puts you aside to get past the porter; you make a dash to escape the confusion and find yourself setting to partners with a "holy cow" whose horns are down, and whilst doing so are aware that a donkey's heels have just missed your elbows.

The bazaar is certainly not secluded enough for a contemplative stroll. Nevertheless, it is interesting in a way and rich in characteristic types. Here the sickly yellow Banyan, with blue or red caste-marks on his unclean brow, lounges in his den, nursing his supple legs or paring his nails whilst he chats to his neighbour across the passage. Others are immersed in intricate calculations and accounts, for they are the

principal and williest traders, even amongst this assemblage of arch ruffians. If business is slack they may be seen shaving one another's heads. Very like vultures they look, only more repulsive. Persians and Parsees in tall kalpaks and long coloured coats pass by with gloomy stare. Mingled together are restless rapacious Hindis, Moors gaily caparisoned, Kaks and the wrinkled featured impassible Arab traders, whose keen eyes, glittering beneath their shaggy brows, look out upon the world with searching distrust. Nor is the omnipresent German wanting. Balancing himself on a fat horse, he is to be seen *en route* for his afternoon ride in the country, looking as usual, smug, prosperous, and desperately conceited. But the bulk of the foot-passengers consist of Suahilis, Somalis, and representatives of a score of other coast tribes, either freedmen or slaves—men of every shade, caste, and cross, clad for the most part in long white shirts. Strings of slave girls wind along with coal-baskets balanced on their heads. Their costume consists of two blue cloths: one,

twisted round the waist, falls just below the knee ; the other, folded across the breast and beneath the arms, covers the body. Nearly all the ships are coaled by female labour, and Mr. — the coal merchant's "young ladies" may be seen constantly filing to and from the beach. Some of them have beautiful figures. A "holy cow" (holy, at least, to the Banyan), from whose condition one might pardonably suppose the business was a bad one, meanders round a corner with a pensive air of melancholy, and pauses languidly as if she had lost her way, and even that did not matter much to a cow in her low spirits. The sight of a bit of green stuff on a stall disturbs her pious reflections ; with a deep sigh she shambles towards it, and, despite her religious character, incontinently commits an act of theft. Tied to a corner, stands the patient ass, resignedly chewing a wisp of grass. Poor old philosopher ! he looks so familiar, yet so unnatural, for the Zanzibarbarians have dyed him yellow ; and there, beyond him, is a brother

stoic with a coat of pink. We stroll on to see the camels working the primitive crushing mills, by which oil is extracted from cocoa-nuts; and then turn back towards the quay.

This evening the Ramazan commences; consequently the Sultan's army, consisting of about a thousand infantry and a few Persian artillerymen with two guns, are on parade in the square before the palace, and on the adjoining portion of the quay. As the sun sets the artillery opens fire. Immediately afterwards firing breaks out along the whole line of infantry, and is taken up by men stationed on the battlements of the fort, and a fair sprinkling of amateurs amongst the crowds of spectators. Thanks, no doubt, to the inferiority of the powder used, none of the antique curiosities in the way of matchlocks that the latter used burst. But it was not without a certain amount of speculation that you watched your next neighbour touching off a rust-eaten tube, which, after much preliminary fizzing and spluttering, exploded like a magazine.

"Joe," the Russian poodle, enjoyed himself excessively. He likes reviews, and had a great time of it. In his most docile and affectionate moods, Joe, as before stated, never dreams of coming to hand unless the command be backed by the offer of a bone. Even then you cannot bet on the bone. On this, the occasion of his first run ashore after a voyage, he was, if I may so express it, only "biding his time." He had bitten two or three little boys who had run at the sight of him, had exhibited his prowess in single combat on two or three occasions, had worried a holy cow until it took refuge in a shop, and had defiled a sedate Mahometan by brushing against him: but all this was in the regular course of business with Joe; he had not yet had what he considered "a real good bark." As soon as the band commenced, therefore, Joe accepted the challenge. Bolting into the middle of the square, he took up a commanding position exactly opposite the Sultan's balcony, and gave an entertainment. He barked and howled, and howled



and barked his very loudest and best. Endearing epithets and sonorous anathemas were alike unavailing. Joe treated both with the supremest contempt. He barked at everything and everybody, and held the centre of the square himself. At length he came within range, and S——, who was furiously enraged, hurled his stick at him; but Joe gaily retrieved the stick, carried it off to the centre of the square, where he left it, and then returned to bark for another. When he was tired he lay down and panted, commencing again when he felt ready. Nothing looks so deliciously helpless as the master of an abandoned wicked dog of Joe's description under such circumstances. Knowing from experience exactly what S—— must have felt, I, after the fashion of this world, sympathized with him—that is, I mentally indulged in “go it, dog.” Not that he required any encouragement. In disobedience, ingratitude, and all other ways of the devil, he invariably displayed indomitable industry and consistency.

The army is one of the Sultan's latest

freaks, and costs about £10,000 a year. Its organization was the work of Lieutenant Mathews, R.N., who holds the position of Commander-in-chief. Entirely unaided by Europeans, he has succeeded in drilling both men and officers into a high state of apparent efficiency.

In the evening two officers from the flag-ship dined with us. On account of the Ramazan, the shipping in harbour, together with the Clock Tower and quay, was illuminated. Some of the ships, more particularly the *Glasgow*, the Sultan's largest vessel, were lighted up with charming taste and effect.

Next morning, H—— and I went to call on Dr. Kirke, the British Consul-General. Mrs. Kirke kindly invited us to remain to lunch, and intimate, as they are, with everything concerning Zanzibar or its inhabitants, they soon placed us *au courant* with its affairs. Dr. Kirke, whose expeditions into the interior have given him several opportunities of killing big game, showed us a large and exceedingly interesting collection

of hunting trophies; whilst to Mrs. Kirke we were indebted for seeing a scarcely less interesting collection of specimens of native gold work, some of which were strikingly handsome and original in design.

Leaving the Consulate after a prolonged and very pleasant visit, we went for a stroll through the town, where we fell in with S——, C——, and some officers of the *Euryalus* with whom they had been lunching. We dined in the evening with Admiral Corbett, who had a large dinner-party on the flag-ship. The quarter-deck was prettily decorated and hung for the occasion with flags. It was a delightful change from the hot day to linger after dinner in this open-air saloon—

“Curtained with star-enwoven tapestries,  
From the broad moonlight of the skies.”

A really well-trained band played at intervals throughout the evening, which was all too quickly over. The bursts of music were succeeded by the murmur of conversation as we smoked and chatted; there was that peace of mind one always expe-

riences at a pleasant *réunion* of this sort; there were no ladies,—everything combined, in fact, to render it an evening to be remembered with pleasure.

The *Euryalus* was to leave next day, but before starting the Admiral and Commander Drury came to breakfast on board the yacht. When they returned to the *Euryalus* we accompanied them, in order to go over the ship and see the latest English papers.

We left C——,—with whom we were very sorry to part—on board. He had found old friends amongst the officers, and was going to travel with them to Aden, instead of pursuing his homeward route by mail. Tip is inconsolable. The two had formed themselves into a little “cocktail club,” which met every morning at half-past twelve. He is now obliged to take his tonic alone. To distract his grief he has invented a new drink of soda-water, brandy, lime-juice, lemon-syrup, bitters, and a few other ingredients. It is named after the absent member of the club, whom S—— toasts each morning with great regularity.

H—— and I were induced to taste it once—but only once, and then cautiously. If Tip drinks it often that club will die out altogether.

We dined in the evening at the Consulate, where we met a member of the Belgian exploring expedition, who had been forced by fever to return to Zanzibar. A pleasanter fellow one could not wish to encounter. Probably also his scientific attainments equalled his social qualities. But he was hardly the stamp of man to carry out the work he had just attempted. He was going to tell them in Belgium that such expeditions had hitherto been worked on an altogether wrong principle. It was folly, he said, for a man to face the hardships and climatic trials of African travel totally unprovided with the luxuries and comforts of civilization. I have forgotten now the long list of things he mentioned as absolutely necessary to ensure health, and consequently success; but the burden of his tale was that an explorer wanted "keeping up," and the next time he started he

meant to take with him, amongst other stores, Heaven only knows how many cases of port wine. An expedition fitted out on this system would be productive of extraordinary results in the way of "seeing things."

Zanzibar is devoid of amusement for a casual visitor. There is no sport on the island; there are no drives, or means of driving; and the few rides that may be taken along the shore or inland, through the clove gardens, afford but little interesting scenery. I believe there is a lawn-tennis ground somewhere in the vicinity of the town, patronized chiefly by the naval officers; with this exception a visitor is thrown entirely on his own resources.

Seyid Burgash—the Sultan—appears to be popular. He rules with a light and easy hand, and though not endued with much energy, his plans or ideas all tend more or less to reform and ameliorate his people's condition. His influence is slowly extending on the mainland. Were he gifted with activity and ambition, there is

no doubt that in this direction he might speedily lay the foundations of an immense African empire—one, too, that might attain to great wealth. The abolition of the slave-trade was a severe blow to his revenues, but this loss must have been partially cancelled by the increase in trade which has of late years taken place in Zanzibar. Our cruisers nominally engaged in the suppression of the slave-trade find little employment now. It has practically ceased—to be more correct, I should perhaps say, been suspended; for with a relaxation in our vigilance it would probably revive again immediately. Occasionally a dhow is brought into Zanzibar; though it not unfrequently happens that, when the case goes before the consular court, it is dismissed for want of convicting evidence. The discovery of one pair of slave-irons on board is sufficient warrant for the confiscation.

An anecdote touching on this point is current on the station. Like most tales, it should be taken *cum grano salis*. A dhow was captured, and the case came

---

before the court. Evidence for conviction, as usual, one set of slave irons. It was extraordinary how many dhows were taken with but a single set on board.

"Well," said the judge, "produce the irons."

Some little hesitation and delay ensued at this request. At length the bo'sun was heard, in a hoarse stage whisper, to say to the officer who was prosecuting, "Please, sir, them irons belonged to the cutter, and they've took 'em back again."

The cutter was off again, cruising to look for fresh prizes, and for fear the dhows should not be properly furnished, had taken the necessary evidence with her.

In carrying out the wishes of the British Government with respect to the slave-trade question, Dr. Kirke has played an active and important rôle. His influence at Zanzibar is paramount, and his long career there has been eminently successful. It seems a pity, when good men are really needed in more important diplomatic situations, that his talents and judgment should be wasted in a place of such comparative insignificance.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## SPORT ON THE WAMI.

WE had been in Zanzibar about a week when, accompanied by Mr. Holmwood, the British political agent, we left for the mainland on a shooting excursion up the Wami. The yacht started at mid-day, and crossing the channel, anchored four miles from the shore, outside the bar which, except to vessels of very light draught, blocks the mouth of the river. In the afternoon, Mr. Holmwood landed, to procure a Wami pilot from Sadani. He returned, after a hard row against wind and tide, wet through but successful, bringing with him, besides a pilot, a present, from the chief, of a sheep and a gazelle. After a general overhauling of guns, rifles, ammu-

dition, and camping-out paraphernalia, we turned in early, and the following morning were up before sunrise. The yacht had brought a flat-bottomed shore boat across, to carry baggage or the heads of any animals we might kill and care to bring away. The steam launch now took this in tow together with the cutter. Our party consisted, besides ourselves, of the engineer and stoker for the launch, the cutter's crew, two men for the shore boat, H——'s servant and my own (both thoroughly experienced campaigners and excellent cooks), Holmwood's native servant, and the pilot. It was a bright fresh morning, clear and almost invigorating. There was just a ripple on the water, and a cloud here and there in the skies. "Pitter, patter—pitter, patter," went the steam launch, and gliding smoothly along we were on our way towards the low shore.

On either side as we entered the river lay dismal mangrove swamps. But as we ascended further its features changed into feathery and fan-leaved palms, broad-leaved

bananas, tree ferns, and other trees of various kinds, full-rigged with trailing creepers. The luxuriance of this parasite growth was wonderful. Its supple ropes were twined on every branch, and, weaving and interlacing their tendrils one with another, formed drooping festoons and natural curtains that hung the river banks with leafy drapery. The scenery became sleepy—dreamy and soft in outline as in colour; one seemed at length to have wandered somewhere out of the busy world, and to be gliding easily up the bends of some fancy-wrought river of a tropical fairyland.

Submerged in water were ten or twelve hippos in every reach, their heads just visible above the surface as they gazed curiously at us. One by one they silently sank, and rose again, when we had passed to watch us depart. In one pool seventeen were counted, and two or three popped up within a few feet of the boat. Here and there the enormous brutes were basking asleep in the shallows, but warned by the steam launch they hurried with terrific

splashing into deeper water. Each sandbank—and they were numerous—was thronged with a convocation of feathered tribes, amongst which pelicans, flamingoes, stalks, cranes, herons, ibis, curlew, and plover, with several lesser birds, were assembled to discuss some airy topic.

Less shapely objects, in the form of giant alligators, tenanted the mud-banks, and stole quietly into the water whilst yet we were far off. Occasionally their heads, like harmless pieces of wood, floated down mid-stream or under the banks, and slowly sank without leaving a ripple on the surface at our approach.

After grounding only once, thanks more to good luck than judgment, as the subsequent performances of our antiquated pilot proved, we reached an excellent spot for camping, twelve miles up the river. The left bank here rose to a height of forty or fifty feet, and was not too densely wooded. On one side it overlooked a broad plain, where any animal coming down to drink would be exposed to view. It moreover

possessed the advantage of being within easy reach of a native village, whence we hoped to procure provisions and guides.

The baggage was landed and the tents pitched. Then under a broad-armed tree grass matting was spread, and we breakfasted. Afterwards we whiled away the heat of the day in supreme idleness.

About four o'clock, S—— and I started to walk down the left bank. H—— and Holmwood went up stream to the village. Long matted grass and thick jungle rendered our progress slow. The river being shallow for the first two miles, we pushed on to the pools lower down, and were forcing a passage through the heavy creeper-covered bush, when I, who was leading, stumbled and almost fell into a blind creek before me. Immediately we heard the rush of some large animal, bolting out within a few yards of me, but so thick was the cover that I could not see it.

"It's a hippo," cried Tip, who was on clearer ground and caught a glimpse of it. "By the holy fly, but there's a rocketeer for you! He goes like a greyhound!"

"Fire away, then."

"Fire, indeed! I only saw a bit of him."

"How do you know it was a hippo, then?"

"Faith, only a hippo could have such a big bit as I saw."

We hurried forward, and a little further on I got a snap shot at him between the bushes, but it only had the effect of making him travel the faster, and over such a country he eclipsed us entirely.

Further down the river we came to deeper water. Here a few hippos were rising at intervals. Up they came, time after time, with a gentle blow like a deep-drawn sigh, then sank again immediately. We had been hardly cautious enough about showing ourselves, and they had taken alarm. We strolled on to some of the lower pools, bent more on watching the huge brutes in their natural state than on shooting them.

At length, shouldering our rifles, we started to tramp back again across the great grass plain which stretched away from the jungle along the banks. The

sun was just sinking behind a distant belt of mimosa on the edge of the prairie. Low down on the horizon, and shining through the tracery of trees, was the coruscated gleam of fire—ay, but of such fire! The lurid intensity of it made sun-idolatry intelligible, and for the moment converted me into a fire-worshipper. It fringed the neighbouring clouds with ruddy gold, and seemed to tinge the broad seas of grass with something of its gorgeous colour.

Dusk had fallen when we reached the camp. H—— and Holmwood were already back, and only awaited our arrival to begin dinner, which was spread under our mess tree. After the luxury of a douche and change of raiment we lay down, and joined them in what our first afternoon's work made seem a banquet fit for the gods. They had found the old chief of the village they had visited inclined to be very friendly. He had sold them a sheep and some fowls, and had sent two shikarees, or fundis, as they are here called, to act as guides, whilst we remained in the neighbourhood.

The following morning we separated as before. Each party took the same beats, arranging to return to camp and breakfast together at noon. On this occasion we had greater success. With a little care in stalking I wounded a couple of hippos. The first, after a great deal of splashing and considerable loss of blood, disappeared in deep water; the second, with decent resignation speedily turned up his toes and floated down stream, feebly pawing the surface of the water. I followed him until at length he also sank. Above, H—— and Holmwood also had good sport, and, regardless alike of hunger and the heat, remained away until three o'clock. Tip and I returned with scrupulous punctuality, and in the shade during the middle of the day drank cool drinks, and moralized speculatively on what the other fellows were undergoing. By-and-by a dead hippo came floating down stream, proving that at least they were not idle. We sent the men off to secure it.

At length the absentees themselves



returned. Having rested a while, H—— started with S—— to shoot guinea-fowl, which abounded in the neighbourhood, whilst Holmwood and I dropped quietly down stream in the steam launch, intending to explore a backwater we had noticed the day before. With exception of a few shots at alligators the excursion was devoid of sport. At some distance from camp we discovered the dead body of one of the hippos I had wounded in the morning. It had risen to the surface and floated with the stream until a mud-bank arrested its progress. We hauled it further ashore and removed the head, which—as the launch had already grounded several times and we were unwilling to increase our weight—we placed high and dry on the bank, intending to seek it thereafter. Eventually it disappeared, carried off either by alligators or a band of the ill-famed Wadhoe, who hearing strangers were in the country, had, we were told, come down from the hills to watch for wounded game.

Next day we determined to try our luck

inland. Under the leadership of our fundis we started before daybreak for the plains. H—— remained behind, to have a quiet day by himself amongst the hippos and guinea-fowl. A walk of six miles brought us to the game country—extensive grass plains dotted with clumps of wood which stretched for miles and miles away towards the low blue line of the Wadhoe hills. The Wadhoe were described to us—I know not with what truth—as being an excessively savage tribe, devoted to cannibalism. The first signs of game we saw were two wild hogs—"bango" our fundis called them, —which had already winded us, and were trotting gaily away some two hundred yards ahead. They were, however, soon forgotten, for on the far side of the plain we had entered, feeding near the skirts of a small wood, was a fine herd of hartebeest. Not a breath of wind stirred the air. We separated therefore (S—— following Holmwood), and chose our own lines for stalking them. By making a wide circuit to the left, I succeeded in getting a few straggling

trees between myself and the herd, and aided by this shelter gained the wood unperceived. At a hundred and thirty yards from them, a break in the cover prevented my further advance. I paused for a while to give the other fellows a chance, and then as the hartebeest began to evince some uneasiness, fired at a fine buck, which, after staggering a few yards, reeled round and fell. In the stampede that ensued I became for the first time aware of a herd of wildebeest which had probably been lying down or hidden amongst the trees. Both herds went off helter-skelter, but after racing a couple of hundred yards the wildebeest halted, and, facing about, performed their accustomed antics. Being but an indifferent shot with a rifle, I did no further damage. Holmwood and S—— appeared soon afterwards. Leaving a man with the hartebeest, we again separated to try our luck in different directions.

We had been walking about half an hour when my fundi distinguished a large herd of giraffe feeding on the confines of a second

plain we had entered. A circuit of two or three miles brought us well to leeward of them. When we started they were amongst some young mimosa-bush, but by this time they had worked out into the open plain and were about five hundred yards off. Not a scrap of bush lay between us, but the grass was unusually long. I plunged into it on hands and knees, and, thus screened, commenced the hopeless task of approaching them. Hopeless I knew it was; still I wished to take the opportunity of as closely observing them as possible. I got within about two hundred and fifty yards, and then, as the whole herd had become more or less restless, rose and walked towards them. In their curiosity and surprise they permitted me to gain another ten or fifteen yards; then, suddenly stampeding, the whole company of seventeen wheeled about and retreated at a far greater pace than their ungraceful gait led one to expect. As they were about to turn I fired at one of the old sentinel bulls. For a moment I thought that a lucky shot had secured him. He

stumbled forward and almost fell, but, recovering himself, followed the others without any great loss in speed. In the whole brute creation there is, I suppose, hardly any grander or more striking creature than the giraffe. Towering above the others in size were two old bulls, and as they had stood when first alarmed, motionless and steady, fore legs wide apart and necks extended, in attitudes expressive of fixed attention, their dark dappled coats glistening with glossy brightness, I thought them the finest creatures I had ever seen. No just conception of their beauty can be gained from their stunted miserable brethren in confinement; the difference existing between these and the giant of the plain is too great to admit of any comparison.

After an hour's rest and a pipe we started in their wake. Eventually they were again espied, if anything more awkwardly placed on this than on the last occasion. It would have been folly to have attempted to stalk them. I lingered a while to watch them with my field-glasses, and then, as the after-

noon was wearing rapidly away, reluctantly turned to walk back.

We reached camp soon after dark. What is there more completely and thoroughly enjoyable than those few hours of indolent relaxation and serene contentment one enjoys after a hard day's sport! The soft balmy night air is whispering dreamy nocturnes in the woodland. Stars are twinkling through the interlaced branches betwixt us and "heaven's vaulted roof." In meerschäum or briar-root censers we burn fragrant incense to Diana. The game that was missed is killed in conversation, and that which was slain is slain again. Truly, to snatch a few hours like these is worth much toil.

Thrice during the night the mosquitoes obliged me to rush out of the tent and immerse hands and arms in a pail of water with anything but friendly feelings—

"For the poor *famished* insects; whose intent,  
Although they did ill, was innocent."

The camp-fire was burning brightly, and

its flickering light danced weirdly in the shadowy recesses of the wooded background. Hippos were grunting occasionally an unmelodious chorus in a dried-up swamp above us. Far up the river could be heard the splash and dripping of the river king as he left the water, or the echoing thunder of his plunge as he returned to it. To sleep was for me impossible. I lit a pipe and sat down for a while. The Wami flowed steadily past below me, and the yellow orb that hung in mid heaven shed its beams on her silver dimpled surface. In the still pauses, came from the jungle depths the eerie mournful cry of a species of goatsucker, "To-to-to-to-to-to"—a long, rapid, and continuous scale, enduring perhaps a minute or more, and dying away by regular semi-tones from the first loud high note to the last, a low and scarce distinguishable sound, then *da capo*.

Next morning we started early, and just as day was breaking reached the spot where, on the previous day, I had killed the hartebeest. H—— and S—— exchanged places,

S—— remaining in camp. The men were to follow with blankets and provisions, as we proposed sleeping that night on the plains. We had scarcely left the remains of the dead hartebeest when our guides halted and whispered excitedly, "Zimba, zimba," or lion. The lion, however, proved to be a water-buck, stalking slowly over the mist-enveloped plains. We moved on to try and cut him off as he passed the end of the wood, but in doing so discovered a herd of wildebeest feeding in an easier situation. Holmwood and I stalked them. He killed one with a good shot; I fairly missed. H—— then came up, and Holmwood left us to show one of the fundis where we intended to camp, and despatch him to act as guide for the men. Whilst H—— and I waited for him a heavy shower obliged us to seek shelter beneath a clump of trees. The shower had cleared and we were on the point of moving, when three hartebeest came in sight, feeding slowly across the plain. We paused to watch them. Halting now and then to crop a few



blades of grass, or to gaze cautiously around, they advanced directly towards us. At length they moved across us diagonally at about seventy yards' distance, and we fired. H—— dropped his, a fine buck; I fairly missed again. Holmwood joined us soon afterwards, but with the exception of a couple of zebra and a few stray water-buck and antelope, all in the distance, we saw nothing else.

Towards three o'clock we returned to the spot fixed upon for our camp, where we were shortly afterwards met by S——. Instead of finding, as we had expected, breakfast ready for us and everything prepared, we learnt that, owing to some misunderstanding, the men had not yet left the old camp, and consequently if we adhered to our original intention we should have to wait whilst a messenger was sent for them. We decided therefore to return ourselves, and send back for the game.

The following morning we struck camp, and dropping down the river chose a fresh situation. Subsequently we had a great

day amongst the hippos, and killed eleven. Six of the best skulls we brought away with us. Slaughtering hippos in this style was very tame work, and would have been inexcusable had not the chiefs of the neighbouring villages begged us to kill as many as possible, on account of the annihilation their crops had suffered from the nocturnal depredations of these animals. Only on two occasions did they make any attempt to approach us. A dead hippo had grounded on a mud-bank below the camp. We went down to see the head taken off. Whilst the men were thus engaged, I walked up the bank to try a snap shot at a small school of them which were rising just above us, and wounded the largest. I was watching the commotion he created, when suddenly, having dived for a few seconds, he emerged in shallow water just in front of me, and rushed up the flat. There was no chance of escape had I failed to stop him, for the mud was a foot deep. However, before I fired he turned suddenly and plunged again into the river, so probably he had no idea of charging.

On the second occasion, a wounded hippo charged the steam launch. It was on the morning of our departure. The launch had been sent up stream from camp to bring down Holmwood. *En route* they came upon a hippo Holmwood had wounded, which rushed right across the river after them. Fortunately, by cramming on full steam they escaped him by a couple of yards.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SPORT IN FORMOSA BAY.

WE remained three days at Zanzibar, before the yacht weighed anchor again. On this occasion Formosa Bay was its destination. As the coast was unsurveyed within twelve miles of our proposed landing-place, we were forced to engage a dhow from the neighbouring village of Melinde to convey ourselves and baggage through the coral reefs thither. Dr. Kirke, who accompanied us, was acquainted with the Governor; that functionary consequently insisted on sending, besides porters and shikaries, a guard of Arab soldiers to overawe the wandering bands of Gallas that infest the country.

On the morning following our arrival at the anchorage the dhow arrived with its picturesque crew. A more dilapidated old vessel I have seldom met with; indeed, it was not without grave doubts as to our arriving anywhere but at the bottom in her that we committed ourselves to her charge. It was, however, reassuring to remark the truly villainous cast of countenance our coxswain possessed, for it reminded us of Gonzalo and the boatswain: "I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks there is no drowning mark about him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging."

After frequently scraping acquaintance with the reefs, we arrived at the spot where we were to land. The tents were temporarily pitched, almost upon the beach, until we had learnt something of the country. Subsequently it was found that the position was well chosen, as, for the little extra walking it involved, we were more than recompensed by the cool sea-breeze, sea-bathing, healthiness of the situation, and

its immunity from mosquitoes. In the afternoon we made a reconnaissance in force. Our track first lay through two miles of heavy sand and bush, but eventually brought us to the very picture of a hunting-ground. It consisted of a succession of small parks, plentifully dotted with bush and divided by belts of wood. Here and there the foot-long grass gave place to stretches of baked clay, broken by clumps of mangrove. Probably the rainy season converts these into shallow swamps.

The fundi who preceded us was a dapper, well-built little fellow, neatly "got up," and very amusing with his theatrical air and gestures. At the edge of the wood he signed us to halt; then, poising his spear upon the tips of the fingers of one hand, whilst the other was extended as he leant forward in the attitude of one listening, he advanced on tiptoe, glancing to right and left in search of game. At length his attention relaxed, and he called us to follow. There was no game visible. We had scarcely issued from the wood, though, when we saw

three magnificent water-buck galloping off at about three hundred yards from us. Our little swell looked very crestfallen. The next game we sighted was a fine herd of torpe. Dr. Kirke and H—— stalked them, whilst S—— and I kept under cover and looked on, making small bets on the result. Unable to approach within a hundred and fifty yards, they fired, and Dr. Kirke killed a fine young buck. During the walk we saw a vast quantity and variety of spoor. Lion and buffalo tracks were fairly numerous; elephants had been over the country in considerable numbers a couple of days before; whilst zebra, water-buck, and torpe had frequented it constantly in large herds.

We arranged to set out next morning, an hour before daybreak, for a lake two miles from the camp, which was said to be a favourite resort of buffalo. As only one fundi knew the country well, we started all together, intending eventually to separate and proceed in different directions. Unfortunately, we were late in getting off; consequently the lake was found to be

deserted. With feelings of disgust for each other's laziness, we left the outskirts of the wood and moved out on to the open space round the lake, where a network of fresh tracks greeted us. Suddenly three water-buck were observed feeding on the far side of the water. After a long stalk H—— and the Doctor got within shot, and the welcome ringing of their rifles released us from our muddy couch. Rising, we saw two water-buck making rapidly for the bush; on its very edge one of them faltered and fell. Two were down. A messenger was despatched from camp to bring bearers to the spot whilst we proceeded.

Our track now lay for about two miles through jungle sufficiently thick to oblige us to creep and crawl most of the way. The heat was fearfully oppressive. I could hear S——, who had been putting on flesh rapidly on board ship, venting his disgust in scornful, half-finished sentences: "By the holy fly!—hot!—poof! African hunting, ugh! African elephants—buffaloes! Grand sport! I don't want to kill any



African buffaloes. Ten minutes over a grass country worth ten years——” etc., etc. We were all somewhat “fat and scant o’ breath” except the Doctor, who, when our growlings reached his ear, turned round with a cheerful “What’s the matter?”

“Matter! why, I’m going to die here,” said Tip, “and if I do my immortal soul will spoil all his prospects, swearing before he finds his way out of this somethinged jungle.”

At length the bush became thinner, and we emerged on to more open ground, still, however, fairly covered with young mimosa-trees.

“Torpe! torpe!” whispered the fundi, excitedly. Too late, though; for the herd of torpe, distinguishable amidst the trees ahead of us, were already moving. Further on we saw another herd, but they were difficult to discover amongst the screen of mimosa branches, and they also got the start of us.

Soon after this we separated, H—— and Dr. Kirke going in one direction, S——

---

and I in another. Oh, the game we saw that day—the herds and herds of water-buck, torpe, and swala! It seems like a dream to look back upon—a vision of the happy hunting-grounds. Nevertheless, we only killed one torpe, and had very few opportunities of stalking game. The country is overrun with native hunters. Between sunrise and sunset the game is consequently very wild. The torpe we did kill was placed in an exceptionably easy position. A herd of torpe were resting at mid-day near some bushes, which enabled us to advance unperceived to within sixty yards of them. Two or three strayed lazily about, cropping a few blades of grass here and there; the others were lying down. The leader of the herd, a fine old fellow, dark-coated with age, slumbered at his post. Basking in the sun, he stood, with drooping crest, occasionally switching a fly from his flanks. We were well under cover, so, as he was much the nearest, we tossed for him with a rupee. I won, and killed him. Tip wounded one at eighty yards, but he got away, and we

subsequently lost his trail in some mimosa bush. For the rest of the day we had no other chances, although we saw game enough to afford sport for a lifetime.

The fresh sea-breeze as we surmounted the coast-line on our return to camp was delicious. Delightful was it, too, to be relieved of the heavy rifle, to cast off hot garments, and plunge headlong through those green curling waves, with crisp white crests that broke on the sandy beach,—to swim out to the swelling rollers beyond, and for the first time in the day feel cool ; then, after a lazy lingering toilet, to wait for dinner, with a cup of tea, and the first pipe of the day. There was a charm, too, about the idle evenings round the camp fire, when to-day's sport was all our past, to-morrow's prospects all our future—when, seated on logs, we held a durbar of all the fundis, and the Doctor translated for us their conversation. Some of them were quite wags in their way, and all of them were ready, upon the slightest provocation, to laugh uproariously. To-night the durbar

---

resulted in a proposal that we should start early, and walk to the Gualichu plains, where game abounded.

We turned in betimes, and slept fairly, despite the machinations of the land-crabs or sand-crabs, or d——d crabs, as some one classed them. I have no desire to exhibit unwarrantable curiosity with regard to Dame Nature's mysteries, but I should like to know whether the aforesaid crabs have any other vocation than laboriously climbing up and sliding down the sloping sides of any tent that happens to be near. They kept me awake a good deal at Formosa Bay, and I pondered without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. After the first night, I kept a stick near me, and when, after numerous failures and much scraping, a crab had mounted a few feet on the roof outside, took my revenge by prodding him from within, and dislodging him with a run.

By half-past three we started. H—— left later on, and followed with a fundi by himself, intending to fall in with us in the afternoon. For a while it was dark, but

gradually the east grew wan and pale, and a faint tinge of colour shot upwards from the horizon. Deeper it glowed, and deeper still, until a red-rose blush kindled the whole heavens and pierced night's loitering and belated shadows with radiant beams.

No after hour in the day matches in charm and evanescent freshness this brief while of daybreak, when the world quickens and laughs into life. It is worth all the slow hours that follow it for beauty. Over the waking plains we rapidly marched, scattering the spangles of dew from the grass blades in our path, whilst the veil of white mist lifted up lingeringly, broke into silver sprays and dissolved swiftly away. It was very pretty, and when a herd of zebra appeared, scattered amidst some scant mimosa bush from which they issued one by one, that touch of life required to finish the picture was charmingly added to it. There are few handsomer beasts than zebras. The curious regularity and beauty of their markings, their sleek coats, perfect symmetry

of form and high bearing when in the full pride of freedom and strength they roam wild render them peculiarly striking. With fitful paces the leader of the herd slowly advanced, cautiously reconnoitring at every pause—

“And jealous of the list’ning air

They steal their way from *lair* to *lair*,”—

if I may so parody the lines. We watched them for a short time; then, as we had covenanted with H—— to leave this part of the plains undisturbed for him, passed on our way almost without being noticed. In like manner we left unmolested a herd of torpe. At the commencement of the Gualichu plains we came upon another herd of about forty zebra quietly feeding. Dr. Kirke and I stalked them, but owing to lack of cover were unable to get within 150 yards of them. At this distance we wounded two. The herd immediately stampeded and went off in two divisions, in either case with a wounded one behind them. We started in pursuit. The one I followed was hit in the near fore leg, and

could with difficulty proceed. Presently he halted and had turned round, and with a long shot I luckily succeeded in dropping him without further trouble. Dr. Kirke was unable to get another shot, so we continued our route. For the rest of the morning, though a quantity of game was seen in the distance, we obtained no more chances, as it all kept to the centre of the plains. Moreover, our party was much too large for real slaughter: and had we been bent on making a bag we should have separated into at least three divisions.

At mid-day we halted for breakfast under a large ebony-tree on the outskirts of a forest. As it was not the slightest use walking for the next few hours, we remained here for some time. Anon the Doctor went off with his rifle alone to try and stalk some far-off swala. We lazily lay under the eaves of the wood and enjoyed the shade, whilst butterflies—

“The beautiful blue damsel flies,  
Like winged flowers or flying gems”—

fluttered to and fro, and the drowsy-toned

note of the wood-pigeon mingled with the drone of the "pirate bee" and his fellow freebooters of southern climes. By-and-by a shot roused us. The Doctor is not wont to waste powder, so we moved out to learn what he had slain. "A wart hog—the swala's position was impregnable." Its tusches were the most deadly looking weapons of the kind I ever saw, as sharp as razors. We kept the head for a specimen, and also brought away a ham which was not altogether bad eating.

Shortly after this a number of natives appeared, scattered over the plain, escorting the brother of the Governor of Melinde to pay a visit of ceremony to Dr. Kirke. As they had disturbed the whole country in front of us we turned back, and they accompanied us as far as the spot where the zebra lay. Here we fell in with H——, who, following us, had reached the dead game and found a party of roving Gallas already busy with it. They skinned the head for him, which was all that we required, as our natives were not short of



meat, and they then proceeded to cut up and partially roast in long strips nearly the whole of the carcase for themselves, eating incessantly during the time this occupied them.

The Gallas are a remarkably fine race. None of the men I saw then, or subsequently when others visited our camp were less than five feet ten inches in height. They were sparely built and long-limbed. Nothing is known, I believe, of their origin. In language, as in appearance, they differ entirely from the Suahilies. The faces of many of them, especially amongst the women, are strikingly handsome. Their haughtiness and the contempt with which they regard the surrounding natives is notorious; they are reported also to be one of the most irreclaimably savage races on the coast. One of the girls with them was remarkably beautiful. She was the frailest creature I ever beheld—slender and lissom as a willow wand: a rude touch, it seemed, would have crushed her. Her features were aquiline and beautifully chiselled, and her

short curved upper lip and delicate nostrils breathed that scornful pride which belongs only to the Ishmaels of the world and their women. It was the pride of the unbroken child of the desert, whose hand is against everybody's and against whom every one's hand is raised. I asked her for a drink of water from the gourd she carried, as our flasks of tea were empty. Certainly she did give it to me, *mais avec un air*. It was done as if she was a queen, and I her slave. And when she moved, it was as only a wild thing can, with ease and dignity in every action—the very poetry of motion. Our chief fundi, with a cheery good humour that characterized him, approached one of the men with a jovial “Yambo, yambo” (good day). The Galla, who was lazily chewing a long strip of zebra-meat which he cut off by inches close to his lips, paused; slowly turning his head, he looked the fundi over in silence with unutterable scorn; then, turning contemptuously away again, he let fall the word “Sana” (to you), and continued his occupation. The men

wore two curious rings on each little finger—metal plates the size and shape of five-shilling pieces, rather larger perhaps, with holes bored near the segment of the circle to admit the finger. In quarrelling amongst themselves they are said to cut one another frightfully with these ornamental weapons. Our fundi informed us that the Gallas were remarkably fleet of foot and possessed of great endurance. If his account of them be correct, they are able to run down deer. They are now being gradually driven from this part of the coast by the Suahilies.

Next morning H—— and the Doctor went to try some fresh plains further up the coast. I took a guide, known as the “fat fundi,” and accompanied also by Fritz, started for “Buffalo” Lake and another lake we had heard of beyond it.

Arrived there, I discovered two torpe feeding, and stalked to within a hundred yards of them, when I fired, and to my intense disgust missed. Later on, we struck upon the very recent traces of a buffalo. Seeing these, the fundi examined our weapons. My rifle, a

·500 Westley-Richards' express, he put aside with contempt as too small, but a ten-bore shot gun Fritz carried for bustard gave him great satisfaction. He thrust his finger into the barrel, and grinned expressively. However, we soon afterwards lost the tracks in some jungle. By-and-by, I happened to leave Fritz and the fundi behind whilst I advanced to stalk a herd of torpe. When I returned, after an unsuccessful attempt to get near, I heard that they had seen *the* buffalo, or a buffalo, a grand old bull. They were sitting under some bush when he galloped into an open space near them, paused for a moment, tearing the ground with his hoof, and then galloped off again. A grass fire started by H——'s fundi, the smoke of which drifted our way, had probably disturbed him.

We saw nothing else. The "fat fundi" rather amused me during the walk. He carried my field-glasses, and was constantly loitering behind; nor was it until we sat down to rest that I discovered the reason. Then, happening to turn round

rather suddenly, I saw him with the case of the glasses open, intently grinning at himself in their lenses, the convex surface of which, of course, imparted extra breadth to his face and undue distortion to the grin. No doubt he was only just discovering how handsome he really was.

H—— and Dr. Kirke had intended to hunt next day on the Gualichu plains. They accordingly left shortly after three o'clock, but H—— was soon forced, by an attack of fever, to turn back. I made a short beat to the right of the lake and returned to camp at mid-day. It rained the whole morning. In the afternoon I walked to the bottom of the Gualichu plains, and saw a vast quantity of game in the distance, but only got one shot—at a zebra, which I killed. It rained again in torrents. Fritz and Paul were out for a walk the same afternoon with one of the fundis, and saw, besides other game, a lion and a numerous troop of apes which frequent this part of the coast, but which we had not hitherto seen. The Doctor returned in the evening

---

with the tails of a torpe and of a swala in his belt.

Both H—— and S—— were now down with fever contracted on the Wami. We were forced, therefore, to abandon our original intention of going a couple of days' journey inland. Next morning we struck camp, and after an exceedingly tedious eight hours' journey, beating up under a burning sun against wind and tide, reached the yacht, where we found that all the men who had taken part in the Wami trip were more or less knocked up with light touches of fever. The anchor was weighed at once, and again the yacht returned to Zanzibar.

SAID'S THIRD LETTER.

“Zanzibar, 16 Sept. 1879.

“Stim-Seling Yath (Yacht) Lanksir Vich.

“MONSIEUR—

“Vi left port Natal am zis elegant Yath and vi takt di direction tho Madagaskar der voyage vars med Seling only vith stim ven vi a (are) clos de port. Tenk Good vi not hev bed vind and rof see ; vell vi arraif

in Madagaskar Port. Maguinka, Rof contri, different sort of negers and no curiosite of ene sort ol de amusment voth aors gentlemen meed (made) vars dat i faind (they found) ancred in dem sem port great manovar (man of war) Schip—den 2 ples (places) vo vi colt (called) vaars Johanna, vi kold only fir de good spring vater, tis plese ghen lucs (this place again looks) de sem of de first notting of curiosite, after 2 days stoping vi tekt direction stret for Zanzibar. Vi arraif at Zanzibar in won beruful afternon vi faind 3 big manovars britichs schip and 4 yaths vot di belangte tho de Sultan of tis plese. Zanzibar lucks tho by (be) pover plese, nothing moch, nothing of Europeans only 2 Europian shops and fiu Europians hauses fir de Consolats. Our Gentlemen direch (direct) den next day resive visith of officers of te manovar Schips and famili from de Britichs Consul ol very respecable gentlemen. Sir Thomas give am board aor yath dinner and thea parte very elegant and soa aor Gentlemens vaars invitaed every vea (where) am boards and tho de Consul very

offon. Der Admiral of de manovars give very great dinner parti and send carts to aor gentlemens veri great amusement di hed in dat nigth di bend (band) dit pley olle (all the) night. Soe den next day vi hed den Onorable Admiral fir Loncion vith is fiu (few) officers. In ol, dos amusement and visith von night aor gentlemens vaars invitat tho dinner tho de Consuls an gridil tocching (great deal talking) vaar med from Schiutting (shooting) in de coast of Africa. Sir Thomas and mine master and oder 2 gentlemens ve dant lusine (we don't lose any) times de com am board and in de sem night order vaars ghiv fir de next morning tu lif (leave) Zanzibar and tek direction tho de costh (coast) in Izingam river Ippopotamos and crocodills schiutting; ven y hed my ordes von Mons. tho goo and campin fir 10 days in tis orribles river ai dit thing (think) fevors ol keg (catch) and y (I) sed dat is 2 vual battle. Vi arraif in ples tekt from de yath provisions, tend (tent), gans, botts and stim bott, and vi goo uop tis great dangioros River, sun (soon) vi beghin see dos Ippopo-



tamos, Gud Good (Good God) vot animals, de head 2 times higher of bulok, o y thorte the bi very dangeros and difficulte tho schiut dos great animals. Vel in tis days vi com aup de river bait (about) 15 miles, tokt positions, pict de tend (pitch the tent) and beghind cuchin gen (begin cooking again). In di evening after dinner sellers lait big fayers an kip vocing, goo slip (sleep)—no can slip nobbadi! Moskitos don let! Ippopotamos meg great nois tho com aut de River tho de gras! Big Africans monkes fait von vith oder percos sii fayer. African Iyena laf percos smell of camping of mens. Veel Sir! vi ha in den Zooligikal Garden in London. Am 4 clock in de morning aor gentlemen di dit moving and tokt guns and raifels and Guids of negers and vo'ccing den Ippopotamos. In de evning com sef in camp ol de compani, say, vi vil si tomore morning amene (how many) vi vil faind deth and vi cat (cut) de heds auf and bring him am board. So den nex days de selers ande gentlemens goin lukiing of dos schots animals every von voth de faind sellers kat

up de heds, der skin of tis animal very thik, Y vend von day vith Mons. and Sir Thomas and oter sellers to hilp cattin di head aff. Mine master vars voccing am de mod from de river bige (beach) 100 Ippopotamos giompin and plei (play) in de vater schiotim von raid (shoot him one right) in de head bet not mortali ippotamos ron tu Mons. am de big (beach) but not kuite (quite). Oder days di goos bad 10 miles in de contry soe raund an sii bait 50 gread bighs Girafs and great oder different animals. De last morning ven vi ged ordes tho goo bek amo board vi vaars app very erli in de morning Sellers soe am de big from de River 3 crocodails I. 30 fut long II. 25 fut long III. smol won lain am de sand, vi gif notice to mine mastre and ii tek de raifel and goo clos dem, faired and kill der bigger uon and i com bek, oder gentleman tek is raifel and goos voccing den crocodils and Ippopotamos noter uon plese but cund siene (couldn't see any) moor. Sir Thomas cunt wait nomoor vars veri bisi tho comin amo bord, vi herde fairing of Ippopotamos and Sir Thomas send my ad is

(and his) servant viden (with the) stim bott tho collim (call him). Der shot vars faired of uon big ippotamos bet not mortali i fars vunder (he was wounded) am is hed so sun vi com clos tho im i beghind giompin ad giompin tho aor boats com clos, bait (about) 2 yards, every men soe de effect of tis animals and thorte dat vi vil bi *devored*, y and de oders pels (pale) and trambling vars glad tho comin am board. Vi com bek in Zanzibar aor gentlemens non sodisfaet from dis dangeros schiutting (shooting) herde dat 400 mael far from Zanzibar is ples of lains and elefant schiutting, ve dant lus (we don't lose) time vi goo here campin for 7 days. Very nais plese and schiutting. Sir Thomas is servant soe African laen (lion) bet cunt kecim (couldn't catch him) and uon great buffalo, fur otter animals vot far schott vi brot de uornes (horns) and schin (skin) am board. De gret hit (heat) of tise plese mek evri badi il mit fevor and soe vi cominbek tho Zanzibar vo vi liv tomorre fir Sechelle and oter ples from de varld. Ai hupp Mons. dat ue ha in gud sante," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER X.

### SEYCHELLE ISLANDS.

AGAIN we are winding our way through the reefs and islands of the southern channel. The white houses of Zanzibar, its clock-tower, and the homely, familiar old three-decker H.M.S. *London* sink lower and lower on the green horizon. This is the last we shall see of Africa, at any rate for an indefinite period, and there is a peculiar fascination about the "dark continent." Where is the lover of sport who, having once caught a glimpse of its glorious plains and wild herds, once experienced the sense of freedom felt, as, rifle in hand, he pauses to gaze across the rolling landscape and reflect that a continent lies before him guiltless of jealous landmarks—does not

long to cast off the collar of civilization, plunge into its untrodden wilds, and live a freed man? I have met many who have travelled in the interior, amongst them one who had just crossed from ocean to ocean. They all look back on the days thus spent with longing and pleasure, for, as he said, they "miss the sense of liberty and freedom for which the luxuries of civilization offer no compensation;" and, with one journey scarce completed, his mind was already busy with plans and fresh projects for another. Heigho! Lucky man!

The island shore advances and recedes; the channel islands are passed, and, leaning over the taffrail, as we steam through tiny waves out towards the open blue, we look back half regretfully for love of the sport we leave behind us.

For the next few days we were all more or less seedy, particularly H——, who was quite ill. The slight fever contracted on the mainland was still hanging about, and quinine was the order of the day. With the exception of Fritz and myself, every man

who had taken part in the expedition up the Wami was down with slight attacks of fever. I had no regular fever until after quitting the Seychelles, when my first attack came on—whether contracted at these islands or on the Wami I know not. Subsequently I had about six relapses at various times, the last, after an interval of four months, at San Francisco. Fritz escaped entirely, and so probably should we all, had we taken the quinine we had with us. None of the others experienced relapses. A curious fact in connection with the fever was that it entirely cured my servant of a fever and ague he had contracted in the Danubian provinces, and had previously suffered from at regular intervals.

A run of six days close-hauled—headwinds varied by calms prevailing throughout the voyage—brought us to the Seychelles, and about noon on a brilliant sunny morning Douglas, with his accustomed skill and care, piloted us through the somewhat intricate entrance to the little reef-bound harbour of Port Victoria.

What shall I say of Mahé—beautiful, garden-like Mahé?—not garden-like after our fashion, but as if nature had made a wild garden in some sunny hour of leisure and the doing so had been a labour of love. Here, in this island of eternal summer, winter has no power with its wand of frost to mar the gorgeous carpeting of flowers and doom the sun-lit hills to drear and naked penance of dull days and biting winds. Soft breezes blow and waft the falling flower leaves to earth, and scarcely are they scattered when fresh buds appear with promise of fresh beauty. “Give me a golden pen,” if I must paint this southern island set in blue seas and bluer skies. I saw it; I can see it still in memory, but I can now no more convey in words an even faint impression of the warmth, the brilliant colouring, the sunny brightness, and the beauty of it than I could when from the deck I strove to paint it and laughed at my failure. Mahé from our anchorage is charming. Out of the rippling waves that lip and laugh, advance and recede around its narrow shore,

hills rise abruptly, clad in luxuriant vegetation and dense foliage, varied by palm-tree plumes. All colours are blended, and multi-form leaves mingled with waxen blossoms or glowing fruit have twined a "magic-wave scarf" in and out the gaunt, isolated rocks which stand forth like mountain buttresses in vivid contrast to the living beauties round them. Here in its broad texture is a belt of waving palms, and there massed scarlet flowers; yonder, white blossoms mixed with purple, or the deep tones of heavy timber fringed with a web of yellow; and, further still, the leafy scarf circling a giant boulder at its base is doubled and folded in the hollow of a tiny valley, where in its shadowed tangle a silver thread is woven by a glittering stream. And yet, as we steamed slowly into the bay, S—— could "remember the poor creature small beer." "I think we shall be able to get some bottled beer here; they told us so on board the *London*," he said, musingly. "Scenery—pooh! Show me the picture that can match a label of Bass's. By the



help fly, but he's a great artist! Ye can study his works with a glass."

Lying at anchor close to us was H.M.S. *Vesta*, on board which vessel we soon made some exceedingly agreeable acquaintances.

In the afternoon we landed on the long mole that runs 1050 yards out into the harbour, and went for a stroll. Picture to yourself a little seaside village of irregularly built and for the most part small houses and shops facing a well-kept esplanade. The latter runs completely round the bay, passing now through a shady avenue of trees provided with seats, now along an embankment washed at high tide by the sea, and now rising gradually it winds its way on the mountain side high above beach and sea. The village is at the head of the bay, and is flanked by the scattered residences of the principal inhabitants, some of which, perched up amongst the hills, or half hidden in the shade of leafy hollows, are extremely picturesque and attractive. Port Victoria in its features plainly reveals the character and taste of its former possessors—the

French. The whole place is to be seen in half an hour. Creole men and lithe formed Creole women, in sombre dresses and loose shawls worn after the fashion of the mantilla over head and shoulders, lounge through the streets and crowd the little market place. The language generally used is French, but most of the people seem to possess a smattering of English. Strolling through the village we were accosted by the interpreter of the ex-Sultan of Perak, who, since he was deposed by our Government, has been kept here under strict surveillance. The interpreter bore a message from him inviting us to call. His dwelling—a miserable shanty—was only a few yards off, so we went at once. Ex-Sultan Abdullah is a manly intelligent little fellow, and seems to feel his banishment keenly. H—— had formerly been in Perak, so the Sultan and he soon discovered topics of mutual interest to converse upon. Our action in the Perak affair was as overbearing and imperious, as our treatment of small native powers usually is. The events that led to the

murder of Mr. Birch were never thoroughly or satisfactorily sifted. The matter was promptly exaggerated into a general rising of the Malays. Reports are, however, current in Singapore which give an entirely different colour to the whole affair, and describe the circumstances which led to the murder as being of anything rather than a political character. Even supposing it to have been a genuine insurrection, it was never proved that the Sultan was implicated in it. With amusing naïveté he begged us when we returned to England to speak to the Queen and ask Her Majesty to allow him to return to his country, where, rather than remain at Mahé, he would be content to live as a pensioner. H—— invited him to come on board next day, but he said that he could not accept the invitation, unless permission for him to do so was obtained from the British resident. Promising to make the request and acquaint him with the result, we left. In the evening Lieutenant Burnand of the *Vesta* dined with us, and next morning H—— and S—— went

to tiffin with her ward-room officers. I had some letters to write and a sketch which I was anxious to finish, so I did not accompany them.

In the afternoon we received a most agreeable visit from Dr. Brookes, one of the oldest and most influential inhabitants in the island. Already we knew his reputation, for it was impossible to move on shore without hearing his praises sung on all sides. We had a long and pleasant chat under the deck awnings. The Doctor assures us that this is by no means the hot season of Mahé. If there be a warmer season than this (latter end of September) we are thankful to have escaped it, for at no place have we felt the heat so oppressive. The morals of the inhabitants, formerly all immoral, are said to be slowly improving. Visitors may be excused, however, if they fail to appreciate so slight an alteration, and one might pardonably suppose that it required considerable and close powers of observation in a resident to detect the improvement. In the course of conversation

Dr. Brookes let slip an amusing illustration of the moral standard of the island. Speaking of leprosy, the curse of the Seychelles, he said, "I once commenced a long and exhaustive report on leprosy for the College of Surgeons, but after working at it for some time was obliged to give it up because of the impossibility of considering the disease in an hereditary point of view. You cannot be sure who anybody's father is here." Formerly a separate island was devoted to the use of lepers, but it was found impossible to force them to imprison themselves on it, and the establishment was eventually broken up. Dr. Brookes said that in the earlier stages of the disease he was always unable to convince afflicted persons of their condition. They vainly clung to the hope that his fears were groundless, and evinced unconquerable repugnance to medical treatment until the truth was forced upon them and it was no longer possible to arrest the ravages of this fearful malady.

Later on in the afternoon, the ex-Sultan

visited us, H——'s application for permission having been granted. He took the greatest interest in the yacht, examining everything most minutely. During the latter months of his exile he has employed a part of his time in studying English, and has already a fair stock of words and sentences at his command. In the course of conversation he said that he found some difficulty in procuring cigars. H—— pressed him to accept some; and he took a few, though not a tithe of what were offered him.

The following morning he good naturedly sent by his interpreter a Kriss for H——, two walking sticks for S—— and myself, and specimens for each of us of that extraordinary fruit the *coco de mer*—which grows only on these islands. When he left the yacht we accompanied him on shore and went for a walk.

Lieutenants Goodrich, McGill, and Burmand dined with us in the evening; we were all rather seedy, and they thoroughly woke us up; in fact, to these officers we

owe a great measure of our pleasant recollections connected with the Seychelles.

Mahé is delightful. For any one who had committed a murder or distinguished himself in forgery, I can imagine no more charming retreat, unless indeed it were Johanna.

Are you an aldermanic *gourmet*? Its turtle ponds will be a joy to you. Are you a poet or a painter? Hither come and study on its shores. Are you in search of blessed wealth? Here in the cultivation of spices it may be acquired.

There are many pretty walks about Port Victoria, and in the rocky burns that leap down to the sea, there are leafy curtained pools, and natural baths that afford the very perfection of bathing. Glorious spots to spend the heat of the day there are,—away up in the quiet bosom of the hills, where the musical plunge of the little fall, as it tumbles into the rock-hollowed basin beneath it, is all the sound that breaks the mid-day stillness. Then, when the afternoon sun has lost its fiery heat, you may stray

along the beautiful shores or wander further amidst luxuriant foliage and vegetation up into the hills with or without some one to guide you. Without, for choice, for it is then just possible to lose your way or, with the infectious indolence one contracts immediately in the Seychelles, to become too lazy to go on finding it, in which case possibly some liquid-eyed Creole daughter of the island befriends you. She is of higher caste, too, than the woman of the port, and if, as leading the way, her supple form moves with light step under the sunlit branches that shade your path, you should gaze and gaze until your anxiety to reach the port in time for dinner diminishes and your steps linger and loiter in the balmy evening by the flower-paved wayside—if—and if you should be late for dinner, who would blame you? The evening before we left we dined at the hotel (the new hotel—Royal, I fancy, it is styled) with Goodrich, McGill, and Burnand. H—— was unfortunately too seedy to come. The dinner of endless courses was well cooked,



and really reflected great credit on the house. We spent one of those *noctes ambrosinæ* that happen here and there as one cruises through the world, and can never afterwards be repeated or rearranged. One thing only could have been wished for, and that was H——'s presence.

Early next morning I landed to complete a rough water-colour sketch, and about mid-day the yacht weighed anchor and we resumed our voyage to Singapore.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE INDIAN OCEAN.

SHAKE off the dust of England from your feet, clear your eyes of its smoke and fogs, and imagine that you are upon the Indian Ocean, girt only by the horizon. We dwell in a world-wide temple of nature, reared upon shifting sapphire seas and hung with azure skies, whilst in the vast space betwixt us and its zenith dome, float gossamer clouds like frosted cobwebs, that weave fresh fancies continually as they gather and dissolve. The great sun waits on us by day, and the dreamy nights are illuminated by millions of far-away silver lamps hung in the liquid roof above us. Nor is there fitting music wanting, for

“Dorten spielt der alte Nord Wind  
Mit den blanken Meereswellen

Die vier Engelstufen stehen  
Die vier Engelstufen stehen.

And what will be more surely correct in this case, but what matter whence the wind blows?

For may fancy be mischievous, this crossing broad ocean without a sail, a bird, or indeed anything to gaze upon for days and days, but an immense expanse of time. In truth it is not—not to us, at least. What strikes one more than anything is the rapidity with which the days glide past. Time is like "joy, whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu." One seems never to have leisure for anything, never to grow weary of doing nothing. Hours are too short to note in our days passing; we only have a morning and an evening, and still the evening seems to come parlous quickly. Take a reef in the sails of time, ye gods, nought else will pleasure us; for though our voyage be never so lingering, the days are not long enough, and we travel all too fleetly. No cares, considerations, or duties, be they pleasant

or unpleasant, disturb the placid and abandoned idleness with which one lounges in those long cane chairs under deck awnings, and listens to the lazy flappings of the half-becalmed sails or the plash and ripple of wavelets, whilst tobacco smoke curls upwards and the unread book lies open on the outstretched knee. After trying vainly for four days to conclude a chapter, I have given it up and taken to picture books. Tip still plods on at the rate of a page per diem. H——is too lazy even for pictures. It would take years to finish a book in these sunny climes and indolent seas. Why, the very yacht lies

“As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.”

What wonder if on such halcyon days one falls a-musing ; where is old Neptune ; where Amphitrite ; where Triton, with his “wreathed horn ;” where Nereus, Oceanus, Proteus the seal-herd, the lovelorn fisherman Glaucus ? Why does not magic music lead the measure of the waves or weird song

join its sleepy cadence, and wherefore comes not foam-born Aphrodite across the sparkling waters in her bird-teamed car? Whither have they vanished—all these mythic deities? Surely if the old sea-god—banished from his ancient haunts by the sceptic atheists of this later age—still holds court anywhere, it must be in these tranquil seas with glassy surface and pellucid depths. And must we here, in his very domains, perforce make shift to conjure up in fancy—as with half closed eyes we look lazily out over the dreaming bosom of the ocean—a faded picture of those old world revels, that old world mariners beheld without fail whenever they put to sea. So be it then. Arise, Oceanides, float upwards from your amber palaces and crystal cloisters, emerge with dripping tresses from the deeps. Come, Nereides, from “coral woods” and sea-shell courts—

“Where the ocean powers  
Sit on their pearlèd thrones.”

Come, all ye daughters of the sea, or nymphs,  
or sirens, ay, or earth-born damsels, loved

of the gods and made immortal for your beauty's sake; sweep over the waters from afar off; gather, gather, hasten hither. Chase hence the vulgar mermaid laughingly: there is no place for her amidst this throng. And now join hands, mingle and scatter, advance, retire, and weave the mazy wanderings of your dance with "twinkling feet" foam white and luring pose here on the sun-lit pavement of the sea. Compare in graceful strife who shall be queen, and, having chosen, crown her with coronal of pied sea flowers twined in and out, with rarest pearls, whilst Zephyr makes you softest music on a shell, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep." "But will they come when you do call on them?" Nay, we live too late. Time was when they needed no summons. Now—why, we have not even seen a sea-serpent. Oh, these same later days are far too sourly critical. Fancy flies from us—imagination hides her bemocked show; and with them goes originality to seek less learned folk.

But whither are we bound? Well,

Singapore, I believe—and after that? Nobody knows and nobody cares.

“The Captain says we are in the Doldrums, H——,” said S—— one day. “Doldrums, eh? Well, it’s very pleasant. When we’re tired of it we’ll steam. Suppose we say to-morrow or the day after. Is anybody in a hurry?”

No one appears to be, except Joe, and he is only pressed for time, because the cat has happened to show her nose on deck, which, according to the articles of their last treaty, is a deliberate violation of his frontier, and tantamount to a declaration of war. Consequently Joe is going to battle with his tail cocked. It is a pretty even thing between them; cat for choice, perhaps. Joe begins well; he’s very sudden, but the cat is full of resource, and draws him out by feigned retreats and false attacks. As a rule there is far more barking and spitting than real business done on either side. Our only trouble at present (but one which to H—— and myself, for lack of something greater, assumes

tremendous importance) is that we have a lot of unfinished water-colour sketches to work at, and there is hardly any gamboge left. It is a serious question whether it will last to Singapore. I don't think it will.

Have you ever seen your favourite meerschaum, the large, the beautifully coloured pipe, which is your pride and joy, in the paws of an impious monkey? If not, or if by chance you do not smoke, imagine to yourself the emotions of a mother who beholds her youngest babe in the grip of a gorilla, and you will understand my feelings when I entered the saloon this morning and saw Jacko, the very incarnation of mischief, sitting on the mantelpiece, curiously examining a favourite pipe of mine that is just arriving at perfection. I paused; so did he. To have advanced would have been fatal. Unfortunately at this juncture a servant entered by another door close to him. Off went the brute, and down fell the pipe. "Humph! Well, it might have been worse. Part of the brim of the hat broken



off, and that is all. That's right, Jacko, you'd better bolt, you brute."

Before leaving the Seychelles our live stock was increased by the advent of thirteen infant pigs, which were duly installed in the steam launch. There, in shrill baby treble, "the mild forerunner or præludium of a grunt," as Lamb hath it, they squeaked a heartrending farewell to their island home and ancestors. Alas, that man's appetites should necessitate such a ruthless disregard of filial affection, patriotic sentiment, and touching sorrow. Pigs vary in character as much as men, and if you watch them their individual idiosyncrasies will afford you much food for speculation. We christened the whole family. There was an ill-conditioned, obnoxious pig called Parnell, Beau Brummel, and a languishing lady pig of considerable beauty, but eccentric habits and melancholy eye, styled Ophelia. Then we had Guinevere, Juliet, and Cupid—a comic, old-fashioned little pig, Mahomet, then the Bookmaker, and a bullying, hypocritical, greedy, treacherous brute,

that went under the name of the Czar. Besides these, there was Cœur de Lion, a bellicose but noble pig; Ketchwayo, a very fat black porker; the philosophical pig, not inappropriately named Lord Bacon; and last, but first in love, Sheridan, our best of pigs, a creature full of practical jokes and brimming with mirth and fun. There was a peculiar kink in his tail, a twinkle in his eye, and a reckless gaiety in his blithe squeak, squeak, squeak, as he bolted from one end to another of the berth assigned to them, bowling the other pigs over with such utter heedlessness that we could not but love him. I believe he was game for anything, from leading a forlorn hope to a hand at poker. It was mournful work to eat these creatures; to kill them seemed almost infanticide. Our very hearts were wrung when it became necessary to put the knife into tender Ophelia, and chew her dainty crackling. Cœur de Lion met his fate with anything but heroic resignation; his little hind leg was perfection. Juliet's voice was far from

being "silver sweet" when they killed her in the early morning; she woke me from my morning sleep, and something of revenge tinged my feelings when I subsequently partook of her. To see the poor little Beau prone and scorched upon the dish in his little slashed doublet of crackling was a piteous sight; but when Richard Brinsley was brought to the side table we could have wept, for Sherry was a pig with a soul, and we loved him. Silently we passed the Madeira and treated him as tenderly with knife and fork as well might be. H—— used to prepare the pigs for death, and pipe in mouth would sally forth after breakfast for a little serious converse with them on their future state, and in the course of it he would exhort them not to be tough and to "crackle" well.

There is what Douglas calls a "storm of calms" to-night. To me the most delightful part of the day is the night—pardon the bull. The shadow fraught deck is deserted, save by the dark figure at the

wheel; and such is the universal stillness, one might almost fancy the world deserted also. The chiding winds are hushed, and nomad breaths of lightest air steal silently past, shake a fold out of the drooping mizzen, and wander away on their aimless quest over the wilderness of water. Here and there, like silver argosies, small fleecy clouds sail in the sea-deep skies above; below long ripples trace the dark heaving ocean, with its share of silver too, in slender wavy lines. You look aloft into the world of worlds beyond, and wonder whether science will ever gain a case against nature and annihilate the distance between us. Will there ever be wars betwixt worlds, and planetic politics?—

“Sie stehen unbeweglich  
Die Sterne in der Höh’,  
Viel tausend Jahr’ und schauen  
Sich an mit Liebesweh.

“Sie sprechen eine Sprache  
Die ist so reich, so schön,  
Doch keiner der Philologen  
Kann diese Sprache verstehen.”

Since we have passed the Maldives, our

calms have vanished, and for the last few days the vessel has not ceased rolling for a minute. The reason of this is that we lie in the variable belt between the change of the monsoons south of the Equator from S.W. to N.E. and the monsoons north of the Equator from N.E. to S.W. The change is not pleasant. It is impossible to do anything with comfort. Sketching, writing, and the piano are abandoned in despair, and whether you sit, stand, or lie, it is necessary to hold on to something. Still our days have been varied by numerous squalls, and it is always possible to read. It has been a favourable opportunity for Joe to perform his one trick. He is not like most poodles, an accomplished dog. Either his education must in his youth have been scandalously neglected, or else his talents are of a reversed order. One trick, however, he does know, and that out of pure aggravation he never neglects a chance of performing, although just retribution invariably follows it. The saloon is fitted with swinging tables. If the yacht rolls heavily

the dinner-table swings proportionately, and the slightest obstruction to the heavy pendulum below prevents it from finding its level, in which case everything upon the table slides off to destruction. Joe, as an observant dog, has noticed this. Now on a fine day he would not dream of getting under the table, but if the weather is rough and your plate is one moment on a level with your chin, the next below your knees, he watches for a good opportunity and sneaks unperceived into position. Then he waits quietly for a heavier roll than usual, and when it comes, puts his back against the pendulum so as to arrest its motion and prevent the table swinging back to a level, and off go plates, cups, saucers and dishes with a run. If, the moment the things begin to fall, you seize a toast rack or sugar basin and hurl it at the open doorway, low down, it is about ten to one you will catch Joe just making a timely exit.

To-day it fell calm again, and we are steaming. A curious incident occurred this evening. H—— and I were leaning

over the bulwarks talking to the sailing master after dinner, when a flashing line of phosphoric light appeared beneath the surface near the ship. "Look, there's a fish, a porpoise," cried Douglas. For a few seconds we watched its sinuous course, like a fire-work darting through the water, then with extraordinary velocity it dashed against the side of the yacht immediately below us and we heard the sound of the concussion distinctly. Douglas thought it was a swordfish, and when on arriving at San Francisco the yacht was docked, his supposition was found to be correct. About six inches of the sword had penetrated the copper and solid wood in the keel. It was subsequently cut out and preserved.

Dead calms now prevailed until we sighted Acheen Head, and continued with short but squally intervals during our passage through the Straits of Malacca.

The scenery in places is very fine, and never have I seen skies of such marvellous beauty as the piled up clouds here present. Ya Mura, or the Golden Mountain, of deep

---

purple hue, with canopy of broken blue and golden clouds, and wreaths of silver mist clinging to its rugged sides was one of the grandest pictures that could possibly be conceived.



## CHAPTER XII.

## SINGAPORE.

FOR a town of its size and importance Singapore presents one of the meanest fronts to the sea I ever beheld. A row of "godowns" or stores, a few trees, a flag-staff, a monument, and the spire of a church compose the picture. Away to the right, it is true, the dusky roofs of a large native quarter indicate, in some degree, the extent of the hidden town. But it is to the crowd of mercantile shipping, the mail boats, gunboats, and fleets of picturesque sampans that you must turn in order fully to realize that Singapore is a trading centre of any note. We entered the roads in the early morning, and long before we had cast anchor, sampans clustered round the yacht

like mosquitoes. Their owners seemed to be gifted with the vision of vultures, and swooped down upon us from afar with similar predacious instincts. Provision dealers, contractors, marine store dealers, washermen, tailors, bootmakers, hatters, or rather sun-hatters, and touts of every denomination crowded the decks furnished with whole packs of cards to distribute. Alongside were sampans full of beautiful shells, tastefully arranged upon the decks, and sampans bearing Kling dealers with dresses, shawls, handkerchiefs, boxes, baskets, card dishes, napkin rings, cigar and card cases, cabinets, match boxes, pipes, and articles of every kind in tortoise-shell, lacquer work, sandal-wood, ivory, inlaid wood, silks, satins, crapes, cashmere, etc., etc., ad infinitum—nauseam or any other extreme. All of this was rubbish, and for all of it they asked about ten times as much as they would be glad to receive. “Gentleman, want nice shawl, nomber-r-r wonn quality—good—ver good.” And the Kling bunches his dirty fingers and kissing their

tips expands them in ecstasy at a loss for words to describe the beauty of this priceless article. The No. 1 shawl is produced with great ceremony.

“How much?”

“Hundred twenty dollar, gentleman—  
Ver good, ah! *Ver* good,” etc.

“Give you ten.”

“Ten dollar!” and he laughs derisively.

“Well, I shall not give any more—take it?”

“No, gentleman — no,” he murmurs, mournfully, enclosing the shawl in its box. Then, in a confidential manner, he whispers—

“Feefty dollar—yes?”

“No—ten.”

“My God, gentleman, I lose money. Thirty dollar, there.” It is your turn to laugh now. The box is half put away, and the Kling looks to see if you relent. You comfort him by saying that you do not really care to buy anything, as you are going ashore in the afternoon to visit the Chinese shops, where these sort of things are to be obtained much cheaper and better.

In a hurried covert manner, the Kling passes you the box, as though he wished to forget that he had been guilty of making such a bargain, and wished you to forget it also. You have not given more than twice its value. Then he brings forth another shawl.

“Dis time really number-r wonn quality.”

“Then the other one was not, eh?”

He smiles with a cunning, sleepy leer. “Dis wonn number-r-r, number-r wonn extra. One hundred seventy-five dollar.”

Letters kept us busily employed until mid-day, when we landed and walked up to Emmerson’s tiffin rooms to see the late papers and have a Malay curry. Curry is the national dish of the Malays. The meanest boatman, in knowledge of the infinite varieties of this dish and in the delicacy with which he combines the numerous ingredients it is composed of, is suddenly transformed into a chef. No dinner is completed in the Malay Peninsular without it, and Europeans rapidly acquire and conform to the native taste in this respect.

In the afternoon we visited “Little’s,”

the principal repository for Chinese, Japanese, Malay and Siamese work in Singapore. It was a paradise for ladies. Temptation abounded. They would have found it difficult to harden their hearts in the midst of it. But as is the case more or less with all bazaars of this kind, a bachelor can find there little of any use to himself. Beautiful presents he can buy by the score, delightful ornaments for a drawing-room or a boudoir ; but though I defy him to leave without spending money, he will find that what he has acquired are chiefly articles which feminine hands will be laid forcibly upon when he comes again amongst his relatives. Wherefore I say unto you bachelors, beware of those exquisite glove boxes and ivory and lacquer cabinets, look askance at the seductive art displayed in those perfect *tête-à-tête* tea and coffee services, and pass over the ivory tusk vases, so beautifully inlaid. They were never meant for cigars, tobacco, *café noir*, or pipe lights, and you know it is hoping against hope to suppose that you will ever be allowed to retain them

in your smoking room. All these things, at any rate with few exceptions, are the modern work of the countries above mentioned, and though at first attractive to Europeans, rapidly lose their interest and beauty when compared with work of older date.

The visitor who is proceeding to Japan should be chary in his purchases until he arrives there. He will there be able to buy modern work more cheaply if he chooses, but it will be strange if a slight acquaintance with the older art does not render the modern valueless and trashy in his eyes.

From "Little's" we took a gharry, the local licensed means of conveyance. It resembles a London four-wheeled cab, but is of much lighter build. Both back and front are open; the sides are furnished with jalousies. It is drawn by fast-trotting ponies and driven by Malays seated on small footboards in front. In this vehicle we made a rapid tour of some Chinese shops, the interior decorations of which, particularly the temple-like recesses where religious

lights are burnt at night, were striking and interesting. The Chinese are perfect shopmen. They may swindle their customers (although in this respect I doubt whether they are much in advance of other races), but their suave and obliging manner is particularly noticeable, and without doubt accounts in a great measure for their uniform success in trade. Returning we saw a horse and carriage auction taking place in the street on one side of the — Square. Some handsome little Delhi, Bangkok, Sumatra, and China ponies were being disposed of, amidst a mixed crowd of white-clothed Europeans, pig-tailed Chinese, swarthy half-naked Malays, and gaudily dressed Klings. The sarong and flaming cloth thrown carelessly over one shoulder was as a rule all that covered either of the latter. We paused for a while and witnessed the laughable mishaps, trickery and confusion that are inseparable from a horse-fair, be it in Singapore or Ballinasloe, and then as evening was approaching drove to the cricket and lawn-tennis ground. Here the Anglo-

Saxon youths of Singapore assemble for exercise after the heat of the day, whilst the carriages of beauty and sedate age roll gently up and down the Esplanade, or are drawn up near the railings for their occupants to watch the play, and at the same time enjoy the sea breezes of evening.

Amongst them were to be seen sleek and self-satisfied Germans (the Chinese of Europe), their condition proving that success as usual has attended them here, and fat Chinamen, who, like Zulus, increase in rotundity in proportion as they increase in wealth. Both are reclining in open carriages. The expensive Anglo-Saxon drives his own turn-out, and, with two such formidable rivals to compete with in business, finds it daily becoming more difficult to indulge himself in such luxuries.

European ladies in Singapore appear, if one may judge by appearances, to suffer from the climate. Their pallid waxen complexions and languid air strike a stranger forcibly, and faces, otherwise beautiful, are so totally devoid of life or energy, that their



owners look as if they did not live, but barely exist.

"We shall be late for dinner," says S—— for the fourteenth time, and so we re-enter the "gharry" and return to the pier.

We landed next day soon after breakfast, and S—— and I went for a long drive about the town. To H—— all this was beaten ground; he had, moreover, business in connection with the yacht to transact and did not therefore accompany us. Our first destination was the shop of Chung Fie Chee Chong, a Chinese tailor. It had become necessary to renew our stock of white clothing, for the washermen at each port had hitherto been diligent in collecting and retaining samples of it. Chung Fie spoke English fluently, and possessed all the persuasive suavity of his countrymen. His shop and house were remarkably neat and cleanly. The marvellous rapidity with which he entered our orders in the complex Chinese characters excited our surprise at first, although on second thoughts there seemed no reason for it.

Straw-coloured tea, the strength of which was more easily detected in its aroma than in its flavour, was served in tiny cups, and then we continued our drive through the Kling quarter. The Kling men are well built and some of them handsome. The majority of Kling women have their faces so disfigured by nose-rings and other ornaments, caste marks, blotches of paint and ashes, that it is impossible to say what their attractions otherwise might be. Some few I noticed of the younger women who were more free from these barbarisms. And amongst these were supple and exquisite forms, endued with such perfect grace of carriage, pose and action, that an artist's eye would dwell upon them with singular delight. Indeed, a young Kling woman, the smouldering light in her eyes ready at any moment to flash fire, her heavy raven tresses, her swarthy complexion, and her slim, yet rounded figure clothed—or, perhaps I should say, revealed—in the simple sarong and shawl generally of deep red, or containing at any rate a large admixture of that

colour, would make a charming picture. Leaving the Kling quarter, we returned to the busier centres of the town, ordered a new set of cane chairs for deck use on board, made a tour of the Kling shops, and saw the market, though not in its glory, as it was just between the morning and afternoon hours of business. The industry of the Chinese is incredible. You may enter a long street full of their shops, in the hottest hours of mid-day, and almost I had said the latest hours of night, without being able to detect a single idle man amongst the busy swarms of Celestials. Even small children, who for years to come, were they of any other race, would not be called upon to perform the lightest labour, are struggling along under weights that far outweigh themselves.

Our things had been sent on shore in the course of the afternoon, as for the next two or three days whilst the yacht was coaling and revictualling we had determined to put up at Emmerson's Hotel. After a stroll round the cricket ground, therefore, we made our way thither and met H——.

Singapore is surrounded by pleasant drives. Unfortunately whilst we were there few flowers were in bloom and but little fruit in season; nevertheless the country was exceedingly pretty, clothed as it was in the richest and most luxuriant vegetation, amidst which nestle at every turn the villas of its business men.

The following afternoon we drove to the Tanglin Barracks, where the 74th Regiment were quartered, and subsequently visited the Botanical Gardens, where their band was playing. The gardens are well kept, and pretty, and contain besides their botanical rarities several cages of monkeys, and of most beautiful birds. As the band does not play until the heat of the day is well over, it is a favourite rendezvous, and the gardens in the vicinity of the music were crowded. In the evening Mr. Emmerson undertook to pilot us to one of the Chinese theatres. It is a spectacle to be witnessed once, and once only, unless the spectator happens to be deaf or discovers that he possesses an unnatural taste for the Chinese drama. The theatre

was a dismal barn, lighted solely from the stage. There were long forms for the accommodation of the audience in the pit. The gallery was entirely empty, and we did not venture into it. Whatever may have been the demerits of the plot, it was at any rate bloodthirsty, and full of incident. At one time the number of slain was so great and so rapidly increasing that I began to fear for the strength of the company. However, they all came to life again and resumed their *rôles* with the utmost unconcern. At the back of the stage was seated a miscellaneous but fearfully energetic orchestra. It seemed as if every man played his own favourite tune and all were playing, jealous. Amongst them was a woman nursing a baby. Whether that was her instrument and she played upon it with smacks and pinches it was impossible owing to the din, to discover. We stood it for half an hour, and then H—— turned piteously to me, “I think I’ve heard as much as I care to. Perhaps I’m not musical, or perhaps this Celestial music is beyond me,

It is very fine, no doubt, but I think I'll smoke outside. Don't you fellows hurry, though"—and he vanished. We were all more or less bewildered by the row, so we followed. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, most of the Chinese shops were open and their occupants hard at work. In some of the streets we passed through, the doors were barred like cages, and gaily dressed Chinese girls stood at them accosting the passers by.

Long before sunrise next morning we were up. A gharry was waiting at the door to convey us to the racecourse and market. Seen under the influence of grey dawn, the harbour was very pretty. Piles of cold blue clouds were massed like mountains on the horizon. The sea was calm and tranquil as a steel mirror. Each hulk and sampan, as it lay half indistinct and motionless in the morning twilight, was rich in depth of colour. So still were the craft that one might almost fancy they slumbered. Even the reflection of bulwarks and spars shadowed in the glassy waters scarcely trembled, and the

most wretched barge seen at this hour was a fit subject for the canvas.

A drive of three miles, during which we passed scores of Chinamen carrying on the invariable bamboo-pole fat pork, fowls, vegetables, grass, and other country produce to market, and two picturesque armies of scavengers and road cleaners, marshalled to receive their day's appointments, brought us to the racecourse at half-past five. A fair sprinkling of those interested in the forthcoming meeting were assembled there. The "cracks" had all had their spins, but there were still a lot of outsiders, hacks, and China ponies to wade round the course, which the night's rain had rendered little better than a swamp. Some very acceptable toast and coffee in the Grand Stand was offered us, and then as day waxed rapidly older it was time to be off to the markets. They are curious and worth seeing. The old market and adjoining streets teem with dense throngs of human beings, principally Chinese. The latter may be seen swarming round the eating

stands in the streets, breakfasting, bowl in one hand, chopsticks in the other, with fierce appetites on compounds and mixtures that present anything but an appetizing appearance to the Western barbarian. Were it not for their orderly behaviour they would strongly remind one of Stamboul dogs round a heap of garbage. The whole scene is a whirl of business, a turmoil of bargaining, a din of cackling fowls and quacking ducks. Of course the market smells, less perhaps than might be expected ; but the extraordinary things that Chinamen relish have mostly a strong aroma, and scraps of decomposed fish and vegetable matter do not add sweetness to the air. Perhaps the pleasantest part of the building is the fresh fish market, which extends on piles into the sea, so that fishermen unlade their boats absolutely in the market itself. Here the variety of finny denizens of the deep was extraordinary.

Nothing comes amiss to the Chinaman ; he is omnivorous ; and uncanny monsters, that in an English market could never



find purchasers, are here snapped up as delicacies. Amongst other fish was a large shark, which was much sought after. One had already been cut up and disposed of, nothing but a small portion of the head being wasted, the other was rapidly disappearing. Some of the prawns approached small lobsters in size.

We saw no flowers, hardly any birds, and very little fruit; but for anything of that sort we are here at the wrong season. The new market on the sea-shore at the farther end of the town is a more airy and finer building altogether. It is not however patronized to nearly the same extent, nor does it seem to be so well stocked with provisions. One is struck with the tiny portions and variety of articles a Chinaman buys in marketing. Of dried fish he will take a respectable mouthful, of fresh fish about three inches by one and a half; fat pork, an ounce or an ounce and a half, and so on in proportion. In this, as in everything else, the Chinese are peculiar.

At breakfast time came invitations to

dine that evening with the officers of the 74th. A touch of fever obliged me to spend the rest of the day in blankets, but H—— and S—— passed a very pleasant evening at the barracks. We spent three days at Emmerson's Hotel and quitted it with regret, a sentiment but rarely connected with hotel experiences. The rooms are remarkably clean, comfortable, and airy, the food and attention good, and charges extremely moderate. The hotel is well situated and well managed. Mr. Emmerson finding that it was our wish, at least the wish of S—— and myself, to see as much of Singapore and the neighbourhood as possible, did everything in his power to assist us, frequently giving up his time to act as our cicerone. His long and intimate acquaintance with all the ins (no pun intended) and outs of the place, and his conversance with the native languages rendered his services in this respect invaluable, and enabled us to see and learn much that otherwise we should never have heard of. "Chits" and "Chinese cheap

The Chinese industry is a more serious matter, as the number and

wealth of the Chinese merchants and the startling proportion of shipping owned by them will testify. Looking at the sure and by no means slow advances the Chinese are day by day making beyond the pale of their own Empire, the wonderful guarantee for success they possess in their indomitable perseverance, and extraordinary industry and frugality, one cannot but speculate with interest upon the "Chinese question," which time will inevitably force upon our notice. The Malay population is, I am told, slowly diminishing throughout the peninsula,—a circumstance which could probably without much difficulty be traced to contact with white races and the undermining influence on their prosperity, of Chinese cheap labour. Here they chiefly follow the occupations of boatmen, fishermen, gharry drivers, grooms, etc.

During our stay in Singapore we were invited by Mr. Wampoe, the wealthiest and most influential Chinese merchant in the place, to visit his gardens and house. He is celebrated in the neighbourhood as a

collector of *bric-à-brac* and rare plants. The house—half Chinese, half European, in style—is a regular museum of curiosities and specimens of Japanese, Chinese, and Malay art, some of which are of great antiquity and exquisite workmanship and beauty. The gardens are well kept and extensive—full of rare plants, trees cut into fantastic shapes (such as carriages, junks, men, women, birds, beasts and fishes), grottoes, fish ponds and small canals covered with the raft-like leaves of the beautiful *Victoria regia* lily. On the whole, though, they are too crowded and maze-like to excite the unqualified admiration of an Englishman with a prejudice in favour of lawns and green turf. Mr. Wampoe spoke English perfectly, and, with the most polished courtesy of manner, took the greatest trouble to show and explain to us the virtues of the various objects in his collection. It was an extremely interesting visit, and occupied us most pleasantly for the greater part of the morning.

The public museum near Emmerson's

Hotel is also well worth a visit. It contains the skins of two of the largest pythons ever captured—the one is I believe twenty-two and the other twenty-four feet in length; but I am open to correction on the point, owing to the uncertainty of an infamous memory.

On the two days preceding our departure the 74th Highlanders held their athletic sports on the drill ground, which we on each occasion visited. Both Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor, and the Maharajah of Johore (the latter an old friend of H——'s) were absent from Singapore during our visit there. After having seen it, therefore, little remained in the way of amusement to detain us; and as the moisture and relaxation of its horrible climate was disagreeable to all of us, we speedily got under weigh for Siam.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SIAM—BANGKOK.

HEIGHO! Did some one say we should be in Bangkok this morning, or have I dreamt it? It seems only yesterday that we left Singapore. Gradually I remember that we anchored outside the bar last night; then it dawns upon me that the yacht is in motion, and at length, by a supreme effort of drowsy reasoning, I conclude that we must be crossing. Siam, eh? I try to recollect what I know about "Siam, capital Bangkok." The people are all twins, of course—every one knows that—and they live on the flesh of white elephants, which overrun the country; and the king is called Lord of the White Elephants, and has an umbrella like a pagoda, and gold and precious stones are

picked up by the wayside; and that's about all. By-and-by odd sounds and unusual orders travel down the hatchway, from which I learn that we are aground. This was by no means an unexpected contingency. It had been discussed in all its bearings overnight, and was only a question of delay, until the higher tide on the morrow should enable us to pass. Eventually some ballast had to be shifted, and long before breakfast the yacht had sheered off and re-anchored. The following morning she crossed without difficulty.

Bangkok is situated about twenty-five miles from the mouth of the river Meiknam, one of the many rival "mothers of waters" to be found in Asia. Past the island temple and Paknam (where in the old days of Siamese magnificence a boom was placed to close the passage of the river to foreign vessels) we slowly steamed against the heavy current. Mangrove swamps vary occasionally the long lines of tropical foliage and vegetation that cover the low banks, and nestled amidst branches on the water's





King, Second King, nobles, and Europeans. The bulk of the inhabitants dwell in small houses which float on bamboo rafts or fascines, safely moored either in the river, or in the numerous canals that connect it with the surrounding country, and serve as the principal thoroughfares of Bangkok. But the Meinam itself is the great highway of the town, as of the country; and a noble highway it is when the setting sun, with the magic of a philosopher's stone, touching the rippled pavement on its bosom with beams of light, transforms it into a radiant way of gold. An unbroken line of floating shops extends along each side of it. Beneath their deep verandahs goods are tastefully arranged for inspection, within a few feet of the little landing-stages. The verandah is an indispensable adjunct to every Siamese house. Amongst the lower classes it serves as bedroom, dressing-room, dwelling-room, bath-room, kitchen, and shop, the remainder of the house being apparently but little used. Blue china is the staple commodity of three shops out of four. From

this bright array of crockery they derive a very gay appearance; and enhanced as it is by stands of flowers potted in china bowls and vases, large coloured Chinese lanterns, and—if it be a Chinese shop, as ten to one it is—strips of yellow, red, and orange paper pasted against the walls, bearing black inscriptions, the effect is at once striking and pretty.

Bangkok is the most delightful place to go shopping in, if only for the manner of your going. There is a certain novelty and charm in lying at ease on the cushions of your gondola, and gliding slowly past shop after shop whilst you examine without pausing their well-arranged contents.

A tiger-skin for sale arrests our attention, and Mr. Gould, of the Consulate, does our request to halt into good Siamese—a not unpleasant language to the ear, by-the-by. Gently our boat ranges up alongside the little landing stage whilst we step out.

A crowd of yellow children are playing on the raft, naked as daylight, save for the leaf-shaped charm hanging from the waist, the

bracelets, anklets, and necklaces, most of which are of pure gold. Decorated in this style, and thickly coated with saffron (used, I believe, to protect the skin from mosquitoes and flies), these brats look like the little yellow devils of a pantomime. A crop-haired woman, mistress of the shop, rises from the floor, and, seeing that we are foreigners, inanely smiles; and yet, oh, call it not a smile, lest when others smile hereafter you still be haunted with the ghastly recollection of this square-faced Siamese woman's grimace. Thus, then, she opens a mouth extending from ear to ear, and reveals a cavernous hole eight inches by three—I did not measure it—set with black teeth, and streaming like a wound with the blood-red juice of the betel, which trickles from her lips and down her yellow chin. She is clothed, like the mass, in the parnung, and a loose flimsy shawl cast over one shoulder. Shall we say also that she wears a small white linen waistcoat underneath it? It is by no means *de rigueur*, but we will give her the benefit of the doubt. The parnung is a

cloth eight or nine feet long by three and a half broad. It is gathered round the waist like a petticoat, the surplus ends falling equally in front. The upper hem of the garment, where it meets round the waist, is then twisted and turned inside to prevent it from slipping, whilst the ends, folded into a loose roll, are passed under the legs and tucked into the waistband behind. The result is a loose pair of knickerbockers.

We examine the tiger skin, which proves to be worthless, and finally buy some trifle—a blue teapot or similar rubbish, for the traveller finds Siam singularly devoid of “things to buy.” A tickal, or round ball of silver, stamped and valued at 2s. 6d., is tendered in payment, and promptly declared by our shopwoman to be bad. So much spurious money, especially of the older coinage, is in circulation in Siam, that the first tender is invariably refused, be the coin good or bad. My change, coming from the Consulate, was all tested; when therefore I was accused of uttering a counterfeit coin, I mixed it with a handful of others and offered them to be

chosen from. Frequently the identical piece was selected that had previously been rejected.

There appears but little anxiety on the part of shopkeepers to deal with foreigners; indeed, I am told they do not care to do so, their objection being not so much to foreigners as to strangers. Unlike most Easterns, they rarely abate from the first price demanded, and the customer may take or leave the article as he pleases. Civility is a uniform virtue here, but it is the civility of servility, and beneath it may be detected an utter indifference to your wants and wishes. The little that will be found to tempt the purchaser is of Chinese workmanship. If specimens of Siamese handiwork are required, they must be ordered and especially manufactured.

The river is crowded with shipping. Large merchantmen and junks, with eyes painted on their bows, lie at anchor in the stream. The small-boat traffic is enormous, and every conceivable variety of boat is employed. Here may be seen a fair imita-

tion of the ark; there a steam launch; yonder the hundred-foot barge of the noble, with gilded hatch in the centre and gilded prow, propelled by scores of liveried paddlers; and so on, down to the cockle-shell canoe of the fisherman, often so small and low in the water, that at a short distance its occupant seems to be seated cross-legged on the surface of the stream, buoyed up presumably by the hope that he may catch something. The most common class of boat is one that bears a strong resemblance to, and is rowed in exactly the same style as, a gondola. Hundreds of small craft flit past, following the rapid current, skimming its surface from bank to bank, or making slow and weary progress against the heavy upland flood.

We quit the main river and turn aside into a labyrinth of creeks and canals. Here house-boat life comes more into prominence, and scores of little arks are moored next the floating houses. Their capacity as dwelling-places is remarkable. I have seen human beings issue from these matted dens in a continuous stream, till it seemed almost like

a conjuring trick. When I had thought that the boat, by no ingenuity of packing, could possibly contain more, old men and women, the dried-up, fossil representatives of long-past generations, would creep out one after another as if there was no end to them. Where they all come from, Heaven only knows. The population is very dense, and the traffic proportionately crowded in these byways, but seldom have I seen more grace and skill than is displayed by the native women, and even small children, in the management of their tiny canoes laden with fruit and vegetables. During the whole of our stay in Bangkok I do not remember, in the most frequented thoroughfares, ever to have seen a collision.

Amidst all this busy scene, if it tend towards evening, hundreds of men, women, and children will be seen bathing in unrestrained freedom; yet they contrive to throw such a natural air of modesty and simplicity over their behaviour, that the most delicate Western sensibilities would hardly be jarred by the spectacle. In many places the water



is spanned by low drawbridges, so balanced and weighted that the slightest effort suffices to lift them when larger boats require passage underneath.

After leading us through a score of these byways, our boatmen bring us at length out into the river again, and favoured by the racing stream, we slip rapidly past the anchored ships and low shops. It is difficult to imagine a more charming scene than the river illuminated as it is at evening. The rows of coloured Chinese lanterns in the shops on either hand, the ships' head-lights in midstream, and the flitting Will-o'-the-wisp lanterns borne by hundreds of boats in motion, and reflected in the dark waters, far surpass in beauty any artificial combination I have ever seen. The distance it had taken us two hours to ascend is covered on our return in a few minutes. As we draw near our destination the men put on a spurt, grunting like pigs in unison with every stroke. A few minutes more, and we are seated beneath the punkah at the dinner-table in the Consulate, chatting over our first afternoon in Bangkok.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE BAZAAR.

"HAVE you seen the bazaar?" inquired Mr. Davidson, a British resident in Bangkok, one afternoon after breakfast in the Consulate. "No? Well, come along then; and bring sticks, for the pariah dogs love strangers."

We started—Davidson, S——, and I, with two Kling servants to interpret our wishes to the natives, and three formidable clubs wherewith to discourage any advances from the pariahs. Before visiting the bazaar, we went to the king's gardens. They are English, or rather French in design, but maintained in true Siamese style, and consequently slovenly and uncared for. Along one side of them is stationed a row of

cages, formerly well stocked with wild animals, now as neglected as the flower-beds. The only survivors are a blind ourang-outang, a fine black leopard, a white deer, a light yellow otter, and a wild hog.

The bazaar is simply a long narrow foot road, with open stalls on either side. It was perhaps the—and yet no, bearing in mind the bazaar at Zanzibar, I cannot call this the dirtiest I ever visited. There were sections in it, particularly in the vicinity of the eating-houses, that, seasoned as my sensibilities are, I thought they must infallibly and effectually have rebelled against passing. Nevertheless we managed it somehow, although the dried spatch-cocks hanging up in unclean bundles, the foul-looking fish, the basins of swimming garbage, the plates of piled-up filth, the monsters who partook of these things with the relish of *gourmets* for *chefs-d'œuvre* of culinary art, and the squalid misery of the surroundings have left a vivid impression on me that even now refuses to fade. Brillat Savarin says,

"Dites moi ce que vous mangez et je vous dirai ce que vous êtes." What would his verdict have been were he to have seen this food?

"Now," said our cicerone, "you must buy a Siamese god, a teapot, one of those triangular pillows, and see the gambling-houses. If you want to 'do' the bazaar properly you ought to have a Siamese dinner."

Tip and I immediately formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, against Davidson and his Siamese dinner, and threatened to resort to extreme measures if it was even mentioned again. He gave way ultimately, and said it could be dispensed with; so we continued the walk amicably, and purchased a very effective little two-dollar god. There were divinities offered by the old woman, whose little Olympus had attracted us, for even less money, but they had plated stands; whereas mine was all gilt, and possessed, moreover, an imposing umbrella. In fact, it was easy to see that he was a deity of superior

passing. The same superabundance of things that we had remarked in the river shops was noticeable. It formed the chief stock in trade of almost every other shop.

The bazaar was crowded with a stream of Kings, Pusses, Malays, tattooed Burmese, handsome Laos, savage Tingras, Chinamen and Siamese all more or less naked. Occasionally "Lahm, or fast men"—gamblers by profession and "knights of shaming order," as Sanchez hath it—passed us with terrifically waxed mustaches and fighting-cocks under their arms. A great number of these loafers frequent the bazaar and gambling halls. Nor was there any lack of loathsome sights, for the street was full of diseased pariah dogs and no less frightful spectacles of human disease and misfortune. We turned at length into a teapot shop where an affable old Siamese promptly invited us to take tea.

"How much are those?" inquired S——, pointing to some small red earthenware doll's teapots that would have been dear at sixpence each.

"Twenty, thirty, and forty dollars apiece," said Davidson, translating for us the old man's reply.

"Forty dollars for that!"

"Yes; he says they are made of some peculiar clay, which is very rare."

"Rarer than silver!" said Tip. "Forty dollars, eh? I was just going to say I'd have half a dozen of them. Let me see, four sixes — fives into twenty-four — yes, nearly fifty pounds' worth of red teapots. Old man, I respect you, but I won't stop here another minute longer;" and Tip bolted.

It certainly did seem absurd. They imparted no peculiar flavour to the tea, they possessed no claim to beauty, nor indeed did they differ at all from teapots near them costing only a few cents, except inasmuch as they were an almost imperceptible shade darker red.

Crossing one of the canals that intersect the bazaar, and which, as the afternoon was wearing away, was crowded with bathers, we passed on and entered one of the many gambling dens. The tax upon these houses,

and upon houses of an even less reputable character, forms one of the chief revenues of the State. It was little better than a barn, lighted at night by large Chinese lanterns which hung from the roof; still it answered the purpose as well as the finest saloon; for "La du jour au matin, roule le grand pent-être." On the ample floor were spread the grass mats that served as gambling tables. Each was held by from one to four croupiers, and most of them were, as I believe they always are, surrounded by dense crowds of players and spectators, standing or sitting on the floor. It was a strange sight—a curious contrast to the gilded saloons of Europe with their well-dressed players—to see these wild-eyed, half-naked gamblers staking their counters, tickals, and dollars, and waiting with breathless interest the turn of the card, the uncovering of the dice, or the numbering of the divided heap of cowries that was to tell them the result of their coup. Scarcely a sound was heard save the occasional shouts of some excited gambler blessing his good fortune or cursing his ill luck.

The Siamese of both sexes are inveterate gamblers. In almost every shop in the bazaar a "quiet game" was going on. They will not unfrequently lose all they possess, and then gamble away their wives and families. Should ill luck still pursue them, they hesitate not to stake their own freedom, and losing become the slaves of their more fortunate opponents. An amusing illustration of this ever-ready spirit of gambling was afforded me when a silversmith brought home some articles I had ordered. In paying him there occurred a difference which, for want of change, we were unable to settle. I offered to toss him for it, and immediately the offer was explained to him he acceded with great pleasure. But this only increased the difference between us, and finally we settled down into steadily tossing for various sums. To see this sedate, solemn old fellow making frantic efforts to spin a coin and catch it, whilst at the same time he strove to preserve his dignity, was worth all it cost me; for, to his great de-



## 24 THE TOWN AND VILLAGES

There he had a small village, otherwise he would have gone on purchasing the slaves and passing on his way. Passing was a new method of gambling to him: he highly enjoyed it, because it was "so quick." When he had finished me, and stated his intention of making his village into his headquarters.

Leaving the gambling-houses, we continued our walk, stopping here and there to buy some flowers and other trifles, so that by dusk, when we reached the Consulate, our little purchases were well filled.

I am indebted to Sir E. Bowring's "Siam" for the accompanying extract.

"The following remarks upon the Siamese people are written by a Siamese in his native language, and translated by an American missionary the Rev. W. P. Butler:—

"In the Kingdom of Siam things are thus—viz. the men and women have a form three cubits high (near five feet), it is generally agreed. Some are three cubits

and a half. A few are four cubits high; about one man in a hundred.

“‘Another subject: The complexion of the Siamese is a dark red. Some are light, and they dress after the same fashion. There is no difference. They make their teeth black. They take the shell of a cocoa-nut, burn it, and take the dark water which comes out of the shell, and rub it on the teeth. The teeth then become black. When the teeth are well blacked, they take quicklime, and spread it on seri leaf to be rolled up—they take of betel-nut quartered one part, and one seri leaf rolled up—they take tobacco rolled up into a little ball about the size of the poot-sa fruit [this resembles our crab-apple, but is much smaller], and all being prepared, they eat, taking the tobacco to wipe the teeth, and then depositing it between the lips and teeth.

“‘Again: the men smoke cigars. These cigars they carry behind their ears. Sometimes they also carry there a scented preparation made with fragrant materials, and a wreath of flowers is worn on the wrist.

...Another subject: They preserve long finger-nails. In the cool of the day [evening] they take hog's fat to anoint the nails every day. Another way is to take garlic to rub their nails, and the nails grow long very fast. They take care not to do any labour—they only work at toys. The man who keeps long finger-nails is a man of dissolute mind. His heart rides on primpness. He is the master of habits, and desires to deck himself that he may stroll about and talk with the women, that they may have a heart to love him. Men of this sort are few: amongst a hundred men there will be about forty.

...At the present time persons fancy pa-nungs. Chinat pleases the men. Pa-nungs of alternate stripes of silk and gold thread, also chinat of a very small blue and white check, with gold thread borders, pleases the women.

...Again: the men are pleased with pa-homs of black silk crape (two widths) sewed together, and also silk crape of various colours. If they wish them to

make merit (*i.e.* are dressed clean enough to go and see the priests, and carry them presents if they choose), they can. If they wish to go anywhere, they can. If they wish to go to transact business, they can. If they wish to visit their relations, they can, according as they fancy a pa-nung or a pa-hom. There is no particular choice. A pa-nung either dark, red, purple, green, with a silk crape pa-hom, answers the same purpose. There is no particular choice.

“ ‘Again : the men cut off their hair. The shape of their hair is like the lotus flower. They cut their hair all around, even the edge of the hair on the forehead. On the back part they shave off the whole. They preserve only what is on the crown.

“ ‘As to the women, they cut their hair like the open lotus flower. They never shave, but preserve the whole head, trimming the forehead, the eyebrows, and a small circle around the crown. And they bore their ears and insert ear-rings made with pure gold, set with jewels and precious stones. They also wear finger-rings made with pure

gold, and set in the same way. They also wear guards—the strands being made with pure gold. They have girdles; they have sashes; they have bracelets; and their pahoms are the same with those of the men mentioned above.

“‘Another subject: The children (male and female) dress themselves, preserving a bunch of hair—some about a cubit and a half long, others only a cubit; and it is twisted up into a knot on the crown of the head, and a gold pin is stuck in, and a wreath encircles the knot. Bracelets encircle the wrists, and anklets encircle the ankles. Strands of large beads also encircle the wrists. A large badge is worn about the neck. A double guard is worn athwart the breast, having a roll of gold sheeting strung on it. The pa-nung being put on, they take a girdle and gird the loins. All these ornaments, which are used in the dress of (royal) children, are made with pure gold, set with jewels, precious stones, and jet; different ones being made in different ways.

“‘Another subject: If one be a prince, he

fares well. If one be the child of a prince, he fares well. If one be the nephew of a prince, he fares well. If one be the offspring of the royal family, he fares well. Would such visit any one, he can. Would he walk for pleasure in any direction, he can. Would he go anywhere, he has four men to carry him on their shoulders. He has an umbrella spread over him. He has men to attend him, and various marks of distinction, viz. a royal waiter, a royal goglet, and a royal betel-box prepared to the rank of princes.

“ ‘Again: public officers and the children of public officers act according to their several grades, agreeable to established customs.

“ ‘Another subject: Gardeners’ and farmers’ pa-nungs and pa-homs are different (from princes). They are vulgarly short, and they wear a jacket [short white shirt, buttoned up before] and a hat suitable to keep off the rays of the sun.

“ ‘We have a season in the first, second, and third months that is considered very cool.’ ”

## SIAMESE OATH.\*

“I ——, who have been brought here as an evidence in this matter, do now, in the presence of the divine P'hra P'hoottheerop, [meaning Buddha], declare that I am wholly unprejudiced against either party, and uninfluenced in any way by the opinions or advice of others; and that no prospects of pecuniary advantage or of advancement to office have been held out to me: I also declare that I have not received any bribe on this occasion. If what I have now spoken be false, or if in my further averments I should colour or pervert the truth so as to lead the judgment of others astray, may the three holy existences, viz. Buddha, the Bali [personified], and the Hierarchy before whom I now stand, together with the glorious Devattas of the twenty-two firmaments, punish me.

“If I have not seen, yet shall say that I have seen—if I shall say that I know that which I do not know, then may I be

\* From Sir George Bowring's "Siam."

thus punished:—Should innumerable descents of the Deity happen for the regeneration and salvation of mankind, may my erring and migrating soul be found beyond the pale of their mercy. Wherever I go may I be compassed by dangers, and not escape from them, whether arising from murderers, robbers, spirits of the ground, of the forest, of the water, or of the air, or from all the T'hewatda [or divinities who adore Buddha], or from the gods of the four elements, and all other spirits. May blood flow out of every pore of my body, that my crime be made manifest to the world. May all or any of these evils overtake me three days hence. Or may I never stir from the place I now stand; or may the Hatsanee ['lash of the sky,' viz. lightning] cut me in twain, so that I may be exposed to the derision of the people; or if I should be walking abroad, may I be torn in pieces by either of the four preternaturally endowed lions, or destroyed by poisonous herbs or venomous snakes. If when in the waters of the



rivers or ocean, may Chārikhi [or alligators], hera [the fabulous horned alligator], may Kau [a fabulous animal, which in Siamese astronomy represents Capricorn], mache [or large fishes], devour me, or may the winds or waves overwhelm me : or may the dread of such evils keep me during my life a prisoner at home, estranged from every pleasure ; or may I be afflicted by the intolerable oppressions of my superiors ; or may cholera morbus cause my death : after which, may I be precipitated into hell, there to go through innumerable stages of torture ; amongst which, may I be condemned to carry water over the flaming regions in open wicker-baskets, to assuage the heat felt by Y-haan Wetsoowan, when he enters the infernal hall of justice [he is one of thirty judges in hell, who relieve each other alternately, and was once a king on earth], and thereafter may I fall into the lowest pit of hell. Or if these miseries should not ensue, may I after death migrate into the body of a slave, and suffer all the hardships and pain attending the worst state of such a

---

being during a period of years measured by the sands of the four seas ; or may I animate the body of an animal or beast during five hundred years, or endure, in the body of a deaf, blind, dumb, houseless beggar, every species of loathsome disease during the same number of generations ; and then may I be hurried to Naask [or hell], and then be crucified by Phreea Tom [one of the kings of hell].”

## CHAPTER XV.

## WAT-HUNTING.

AMONG the many interesting sights of Bangkok the wats, or temples, may be said to rank first. Mr. Gould, of the Consulate, kindly undertook to pilot me over the most worthy of notice. We started at sunrise in order to escape the heat, which usually renders the middle of the day very oppressive in Bangkok. S—— had arranged to accompany us, but eventually the temple of the sleeping Briton proved more attractive to him than the temple of the sleeping Buddha, and we could not rouse him. Early morning on the Meinam is very charming. The delicate rosy tints of the rising sun, reflected on the broad “mother of waters ;”

the soft clear skies, pierced by the slender minarets and spires of many temples; the fresh coolness of the morning breeze whispering down the river ripples, as yet unbroken by the rush of traffic; the very stillness, even, are doubly pleasing after the hot restless night and ceaseless hum of insect life.

The Siamese are Buddhists, and are steeped in all the superstitious and semi-idolatrous practices of that Buddhism to which, in the lapse of ages, the once purely philosophical religion of Gotama has been degraded. All males, from the king downwards, serve for a period varying from one to three years in the priesthood. Many continue in its ranks, preferring to lead lives of supreme idleness, supported entirely by alms, to labouring for their own subsistence. Their heads are shaven, and they wear a distinctive garb of yellow. Presumably they lead lives of chastity and celibacy. At every stroke, as we passed up the river, these men, wrapped in apathetic and stolid indifference, might

As the morning I walked it round from  
 side to side, looking upon the miserable  
 of the class. The women require this  
 and the men, but it is non-  
 necessary to the women of kings,  
 and the men that have to work  
 in their living time with the Chinese.

Our morning stopped first at the temple.  
 One of the great temples in Bangkok  
 is situated on the left bank of the river,  
 and is surrounded by a collection of small  
 temples, shrines, and houses.  
 As one of its shrines holds two  
 golden and bronze figures of man-eating  
 vipers, bearing an almost resemblance to  
 Gog and Magog. The wall itself is of  
 pyramidal form tapering to the apex to a  
 spire. The decoration and work lavished  
 upon its exterior is extremely elaborate.  
 Covered, as it is completely, with gilding,  
 stucco, and mosaic work of inlaid leaves  
 and flowers, lumberless glass and china  
 plates and saucers, many of which are split  
 into quarters and eighths in order to  
 represent flowers also, whilst on every

available point are stationed china figures of men, birds, griffins, dragons, and quaint composite monsters, the effect produced in a vast obelisk rising by tiny terraces and crowned by a lofty spire is very striking and fine. Gilt, china, glass, and cement, catching the beams of the fervent Siamese sun, flash and glitter with such dazzling brilliancy and kaleidoscopic confusion of colour, that but a slight stretch of imagination were necessary to see in it a temple wrought in gold and precious stones. The illusion is complete. No description could ever do it justice ; to be appreciated it must be seen.

After climbing the wat and enjoying the grand view obtained from its topmost terrace, we crossed the river to Wat Po, or the temple of the sleeping Buddha. The recumbent figure of the prophet contained therein is about a hundred and sixty feet in length, and is composed of brickwork overlaid with cement and gilding. It occupies the whole of the centre aisle of the temple, for which, indeed, it is too large. To

be seen with any effect it should have been placed in a more spacious building. Under present circumstances, there is no point of observation sufficiently removed from it to allow a just conception of its magnitude being obtained. The visitor, having seen the feet, walks round and gazes at the head. He views the figure in detail, and, overawed by its colossal size, is unable to grasp it as a whole. When he leaves, therefore, it is without having received any lasting impression of its grandeur.

Adjoining Wat Po there is another and far handsomer wat, the name of which I have forgotten. It occupies a large enclosure, and is surrounded by fine courtyards, in which are several curiously carved figures in bronze and stone, and long galleries or colonnades containing life-sized gilded figures of Buddha. I did not count the latter, but should guess their number roughly to be about five hundred. There are some finely carved marble tablets in the walls of the wat, and its doors of ebony, inlaid with a multitude of small

figures in mother of pearl, are *chefs-d'œuvre* of the most exquisite workmanship. They are by far the finest specimens of art that I saw in Siam; in fact, so immeasurably superior were they to anything else of the kind, that I was inclined to doubt their being, as was said, of Siamese production. A cursory glance was all we could bestow upon them, for time was pressing. Unfortunately, I never afterwards fulfilled my intention of revisiting the wat. We entered and found several priests seated upon the floor near the shrine, chatting, smoking, tea-drinking, and chewing betel. Further removed from it was a little congregation of women, with fruit spread before them. They also were engaged in friendly converse. The shrine was a terraced pile of gorgeous magnificence—a chaos of ornaments, a confusion of decorative art. It would almost merit the reproach that it resembled the window of a *bric-à-brac* shop, so crowded were its ledges with superfluous garnishing and offerings. These were of every imaginable



description—some the veriest rubbish, fitter to be consigned to a dust-hole than to be placed in the positions they occupied ; yet, sweep this lumber mentally away, as it were lay bare the original design, and it will be seen a work of rarest beauty. High up, beneath a canopy, sits the figure of Buddha in abstract contemplation. Gilded female figures on either side are stationed, descending from his throne. Beneath him, in confused slant lights and thrown shadows, subdued and mysterious as befits a temple, is the sullen flash and dim lustre of gold and silver, obscurely seen carving, mosaic work, tracery, and arabesque. One of the priests took some flowers from a vase on the shrine and offered one to each of us. To preserve mine I was about to place it in my button-hole. This, however, seemed to create general consternation ; I therefore followed Gould's example, and returned it to the shrine, thereby possibly making an offering to Buddha. At any rate, the priests expressed their approbation by smiling effusively.

The walls of the temple are adorned with frescoes, not always of the most decent description—an observation which applies with equal truth to the frescoes in most other Siamese temples.

Wat Sakit, another temple I subsequently visited, was commenced by a long-past king with intentions similar to those that promoted the building of the Tower of Babel—so runs the legend. As may be supposed, it is unfinished. It is partially in ruins, and a luxuriant growth of weeds and parasites conceals much of the brickwork. On the summit, whence a grand view can be obtained, there is a small ill-kept shrine, surmounted by a seedy-looking Buddha, wrapped, when we beheld it, in an offering that looked like a ragged old antimacassar.

Amidst the general level of wretchedness that prevails in Siam, it is curious to find such comparative splendour displayed in the temples. It seems as if all the energy and wealth of the people had thus been concentrated and exhausted. Yet even they are not exempt from that decay which, like

a national disease, pursues its slow course throughout the country. Their decorations are chipped and broken ; plates and saucers have been removed from the walls ; scarce a single china figure is perfect ; gilding is faded, cement is cracked, frescoes are begrimed ; dirt, dust, and filth accumulate in every corner within ; weeds spring from every crevice without. The slightest examination suggests, what in all probability is true, that the temples have never received any care or attention since they were erected. Order, cleanliness, and tidiness find no place in the Siamese mind. They carry nothing on ; they keep nothing up. Money may be spent in fresh schemes and new buildings, but if they chance to be completed, the day that marks their completion marks also the beginning of their end.

#### OFFICIAL VISITORS.

On the second day after the yacht's arrival in Bangkok, H—— received a visit from the Krometar, or Foreign Minister. His

Excellency was attended by a considerable suite, in the foremost ranks of which were the inevitable bearers of the gold, betel-box, spittoon, and teapot. Without these symbols of dignity, no Siamese noble, or even commoner of any standing, dreams of moving abroad. The betel-boxes vary in size, value, and workmanship according to the rank of their possessors. They are presented to nobles by the King, and are, in fact, the insignia of rank or patents of nobility. Ordinary people provide their own and content themselves with baser metal. As a rule, they are beautifully chased and very handsome. It has a novel effect to Europeans, to see, on some sign from his master, a servant approach and present a gold vase for him to expectorate into.

The Foreign Minister is only slightly acquainted with English, but several of his suite speak it with fluency. There is a mixture of shrewdness and *bonhomie* in his face; his manner is easy and pleasant, without being altogether devoid of a certain

dignity. In his dealings with foreigners he is reported to exhibit considerable talent and *finesse*. The party examined everything on board most minutely, even to the wood used in the interior fittings of the yacht. The swinging table and a copy of Titian's "Venus" divided a good deal of attention. "Joe" also was the subject of much curiosity, especially as he had been recently clipped *à la* poodle. He received his visitors with his accustomed haughtiness.

Lately Joe has been rather under a cloud. At Singapore H—— bought a huge kangaroo hound, named "Napoleon." He is about six times Joe's size, and therefore, I suppose, in making his calculations before the fight, Joe concluded there would be all the more of him to bite. The dog was brought on board. The Russian poodle examined him and allowed him to pass—as a visitor. But when the master left the kangaroo hound behind him, the poodle realized the position, and, trotting up gaily, bit him in a soft place. . Joe must

have felt as if he had bitten some machinery in full work, and become somehow entangled in it. He was taken by the nape of the neck, and banged about on the deck and against the bulwarks, until he had a bruise on every angle of his body. When the big dog dropped him, he shook himself together and discontinued the fight. During those few agitated moments he had evidently thought the matter over, and decided that it was a slip of the tooth, and he had bitten the wrong dog. Still he could not sink his dignity so far as to fraternize with one who had rejected his advances in so unfriendly a manner, so he cut Napoleon and retired to the after part of the vessel. Nap. located himself for'ard, and usually lay extended at the top of the main hatchway. As this was Joe's direct route to the galley, it put him to the greatest inconvenience, and only when all the doors were opened could he find his way at meal-times by a circuitous route into the saloon. These positions were maintained until Napoleon was given away



His Excellency. In his own yacht he has, I hear, fallen into the mistake, common in yacht building, of cutting up his space into a number of small cabins, and so cumbering the deck with a superfluity of useless fittings that there is hardly sufficient room left to turn in. This was notably the case with the King's yacht, the *Vesartris*, an otherwise remarkably pretty vessel which we subsequently visited.

All the sailors and servants on board the *Witch* are intent upon being tattooed. The Burmese carry this mode of decoration to a high pitch of perfection, and are literally covered with specimens of their art. Two men are daily employed on the yacht in decorating the men with gods and goddesses, dragons and dancing girls, warriors and monsters. One fellow has the tattooed handle of a dagger protruding from his heart, the blade of which has passed out through his back below the shoulder-blade. The wounds in both cases are realistically represented in red ink.

The Krometar, within whose special



province lies the entertainment of foreign visitors, dwells in a large house on the banks of the river. His table was served in the most perfect European style, and as he is blessed with a first-rate French cook, the dinner left nothing to be desired. A few Siamese dishes were prepared to gratify our curiosity. The only one I tasted was the curry, which was perfect. Curry is here a national dish; they consequently excel in its preparation. Amongst the flower decorations, which were particularly tasteful and pretty, were several of the magnificent Victoria Regia lilies, introduced here by Sir Robert Schomberg. Several Siamese gentlemen were present. In the course of the evening His Excellency said that the King would receive us on the following Friday.

After dinner we visited the billiard-room and the pet crocodile, and then sat outside in a courtyard, smoking, whilst a performance took place, with the name of which I am unacquainted. Six girls and six men formed a circle around a huge torch, and to

the monotonous music of some native instruments, chanted an imaginary dialogue between a lover and his mistress, throwing themselves at the same time into a variety of contortions that took them a few paces to right or left without altering their relative positions. It is a common custom amongst the Siamese to train their children to bend their arms backwards from the elbow, so as to throw the joint forward, and to bend back their hands until the nails almost touch the arms. Though less in vogue with men, amongst Siamese ladies this, until lately, was considered a very necessary part of their education. It is still an indispensable accomplishment amongst La Khon actresses. The girls before us were exhibiting their proficiency in this so-called grace, whilst they abandoned themselves to alluring postures. There is, of course, no accounting for tastes, but so far from being attracted, I felt rather repelled by seeing these damsels turn their elbows inside out at us in that peculiar fashion. The men afforded con-

siderable amusement by caricaturing the actions of the girls. On each side there was a leader, the remainder of the performers acting as chorus. The dialogue commenced, I was told, with a great deal of mock diffidence and shy reserve, but as it proceeded both lovers cast off their bashfulness, and, waxing more and more amorous, adopted a style of sprightly badinage that, to say the very least of it, was free. However, their sallies seemed to give unanimous satisfaction to the crowded audience. Like most Siamese or Chinese theatrical entertainments, the performance lasted for an indefinite time, and was still continuing with unabated vigour when we rose to leave.

The following evening we were invited to the Regent's. On arriving, we found a miniature theatre erected and marionettes provided for our amusement. The Regent, though a man of great age, retains all his faculties in their full power, and is said to be a remarkably astute old gentleman. His wealth is reputed to be enormous.

A few nights subsequently, we received an

invitation from the Regent's son, the Kalamhom, who held forth as an extra attraction the promise of a La Khon (the national dramatic performance) at his house. We went, of course, and were interested, if not amused. The want of action in the piece was its chief fault. One old fellow and a pert boy roused a laugh at times by their humorous byplay. Some of the dresses were most gorgeous, and utterly baffle my powers of description. They consisted entirely of cloth of gold and gilded ornaments, their wearers' faces being whitened. Others of the troupe apparently represented an inferior class of being altogether, and were clad in the meanest manner. The usual din of native music was augmented on this occasion by a score of damsels, who, seated on the ground opposite to one another in pairs, beat flat sticks together in cadence more regular than sweet. The stage was a raised platform, beneath an open pavilion in the centre of a courtyard. The audience consisted of the young Rajah of Queddah—at present visiting Bangkok in order to be

invested with the full powers of his new rank by the King—his numerous and motley suite, the Prime Minister's populous harem and multitude of children, a number of Siamese gentlemen, and the people of the household, some hundreds in number altogether. Ices and tea were handed about during the evening, and towards the close of the entertainment we retired to a sumptuous supper.

The Kalahom unites the functions of Prime Minister and Minister of War, and is supposed to be the cleverest and wealthiest man in the kingdom. Possessed of sounder judgment, more liberal views, and a broader grasp of intellect than usually vouchsafed to his countrymen, he is well disposed towards foreigners, without allowing himself to be carried away in the mania for novelty, introduced by them. The Kalahom is one of the few men in Siam who recognize the danger of rashly substituting new methods and new fashions for old-established customs, without first attempting to gauge their relative values

and form some judgment as to their applicability. In conversation and manner His Excellency is exceedingly pleasant, good-natured, and straightforward.

Amongst the other entertainments to which we were subsequently invited was a large garden party given by the Foreign Minister, who has a pavilion in the centre of some very pretty gardens, at a distance from his official residence. His Excellency also insisted on entertaining the sailors, who, at his request, gave a Christy Minstrel entertainment at his house, and were provided with an elaborate supper afterwards. We dined there the same evening, and a large party was assembled to hear the sailors.

The day arrived at length on which the King had signified his desire to receive us. Expecting that we should arrive by water, some officers of the Court awaited us at the river entry to the palace; however, as we were late in starting, we drove and entered by another gate. The soldiers on guard bore the most ludicrous and ragged

appearance. They would have looked well in a pantomime. Our way led through three large and well-paved courtyards. The first was crowded with rabble, the second with rabble and soldiery; in the third there was some semblance of order. Here Court functionaries were seated about smoking "bouries" (native cigarettes) and chewing the everlasting betel, the expectorated juice of which plentifully stained the pavement with large red blotches. In the centre stood the palace, then undergoing extensive alterations and additions. As the King was giving audience to the young Rajah of Queddah, we were conducted to a kind of summer-house, beneath shady trees, where tea and cigars were brought. Here Prince Lei, His Majesty's aide-de-camp, and others of the Court joined us. In a few minutes a messenger came to say that the King was ready to receive us. We followed the Prince through a small inner courtyard, entered the palace, and, ascending a flight of stairs, passed into the throne-room. It was a fine hall. The walls

were covered with full-length portraits of European sovereigns and celebrities, but, with the exception of the canopy and platform, it was entirely unfurnished. At one end a flight of stairs led to a door high up in the wall. At this door, I believe, under the old *régime*, the King was accustomed to show himself during any Court ceremony or audience. Quitting this, we entered a second chamber of nearly equal size, handsomely furnished in European style, the furniture being covered with blue satin. As we appeared the King advanced to meet us. We were presented by Mr. Newman. His Majesty then shook hands with us all, and requested us to be seated. It will thus be seen that the divinity which formerly hedged the King of Siam—the prostrations, the genuflexions, and ceremonies to which even envoys and ambassadors from the great European Powers were forced to conform before they were allowed, barefooted, to approach the “Lord of the White Elephant,” have at length been abolished. This revo-



lution in Court etiquette has only lately been accomplished, and although the nobles bow now, instead of prostrating themselves and touching the earth with their foreheads, the latter has become so much a matter of habit that the bow is but a checked involuntary movement towards prostration. In like manner, although no longer required in the royal presence to crawl upon hands and knees, they still cannot forbear to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knees" and move in an awkward crouching posture. Interesting and amusing details with reference to these subjects, and to the shifts, expedients, and struggles foreign envoys were driven to adopt, in their endeavours to be complaisant and yet maintain dignity befitting their station, may be found in Sir George Bowring's "*Siam*," which contains a vast amount of information and is still by far the best and most reliable English work on that country.

But to return to His Majesty, in whose presence I have thus unwarrantably been

guilty of absence. In figure he is slightly built, well made, and of average height. His features are pleasant in expression; judged by a Siamese standard of beauty, he would be accounted good looking. He was dressed in a blue silk coat, waistcoat, and parnang, and white silk stockings. Throughout the interview His Majesty was, I fancy, inclined to be extremely gracious and affable. He asked several questions concerning the Zulu war, and signified a desire to see the assegais, shields, knobkerries, etc., that we had on board; evinced some curiosity as to the points of difference between the *Lancashire Witch* and the *Goshawk*, a yacht in which H—— had previously visited Bangkok; expressed a hope that we should have good sport up country; inquired about the voyage, where we had been and where we were going to, etc., etc. In fact, we got through a good deal of small talk, which was filtered backwards and forwards through the medium of an interpreter. Tea was brought, and His Majesty passed round a gold cigarette-

stand from a smoking table near him. At length, after the visit had been prolonged about three quarters of an hour, he rose, shook hands with us, and we departed.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,  
STAMFORD STREET AND CHANCERY CROSS.





